

Why athletes take drugs

Page 6

PHOENIX

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Loan crackdown on students

by Melissa McMillion

California is one of 12 states where private bill collectors will be used for the first time to track down students who have defaulted on their Federally Insured Student Loans (FISL).

In the past 12 years, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) has lost $414 million on its FISL program – one-fourth of that in California and another one-fourth in New York.

With the default rate at 13 percent nation-wide "fewer and fewer banks are willing to participate in FISL programs," said Paula Grant, financial aid couselor at SF State. "The number has dropped drastically in the past few years."

Bank of America, Wells Fargo and Crocker are the only California banks still willing to take on new applicants.

Others will lend only to students who either have accounts with them or have taken out loans previously with them.

"The big stink started a couple of years ago," Grant said. "Banks say that even though the government pays them back – insures the loan against defaulters – it doesn't pay them back in a timely manner. HEW is getting tired of paying off loans. There's a backlash on students from the banks and HEW is trying to show it can collect the money. It's trying to attract more lenders so that it's not a monopoly of just a few banks. It's trying to put the program back on its feet."

Meanwhile, more than $1.5 million in National Direct Student Loan (NDSL) funds are delinquent at SF State. The total principle outstanding is almost $3 million – 28 percent of the total amount loaned.

The default rate here is so high that the federal government refused to make any capital contribution to this campus for fiscal year 1977-78. This represents a loss of over $200,000 that would otherwise be available to students needing loans.

NDSL and FISL (also called "guaranteed student loans") are separate programs administered by HEW's Office of Education.

Under the FISL program, a low income student takes out a loan at seven percent interest from a bank or a credit agency. The government insures this loan in case the student can't repay it.

Although a school may counsel the student through its financial aid office, repayment is made directly to the bank.

Under NDSL, the school makes the loans at three percent interest. Theoretically, it maintains a continuous pool of money with former students paying in and current students taking out. HEW contributes money as needed each year.

In fiscal year 1977-78, however, SF State's delinquency rate was 54 percent – the highest in the CSUC system.

This means that 54 percent of the money SF State expected to receive in payment was missing. HEW refused to add any additional money.

The terms delinquency and default are used almost interchangeably by financial aid officers. Delinquency means that the borrower is more than 120 days late on his monthly payments. Default means that the borrower is unwilling to pay or cannot be located. Both programs require the first payment nine months after graduation.

"Any way you look at it, we have a very high default rate in the NDSL program," said Elizabeth Roath, assistant director of student loan collections. "I think the problem has been there a long time. There really wasn't much concern until the government realized how much it was losing."

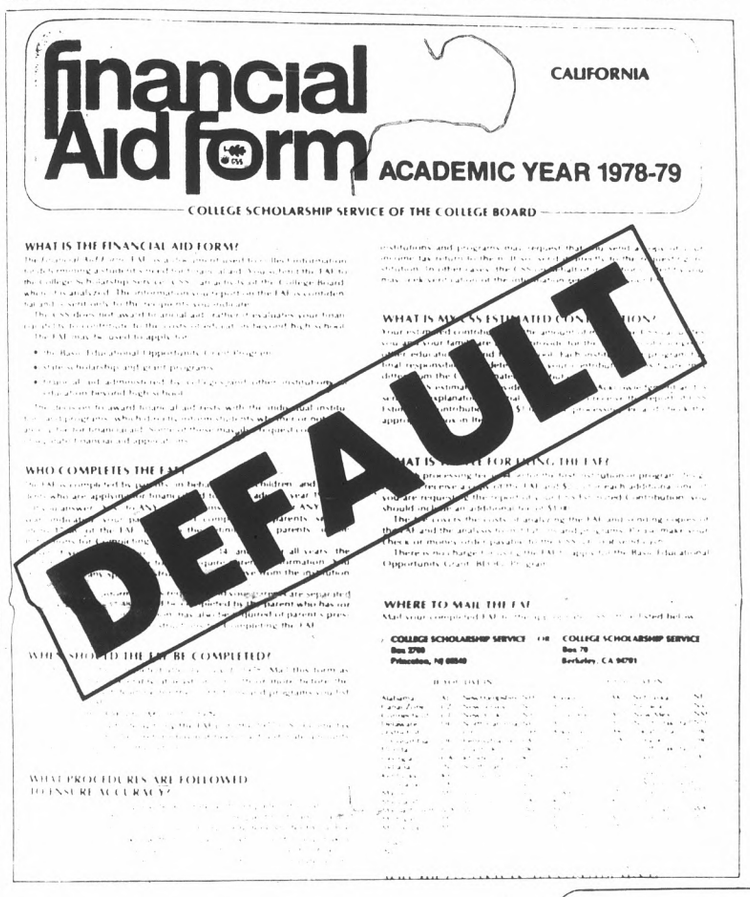
NDSL has lost about $600 million nation-wide since it began in 1957.

The Office of Education estimates that one out of every six student loans it guarantees (including both NDSL and FISL) are never repaid.

As of June, 1977, SF State accounted for almost $1.5 million of the lost amount.

"Banks don't give unsecured loans," Roath said. "But our only criteria is need. The only person we

Continued on Page 5, Column 4

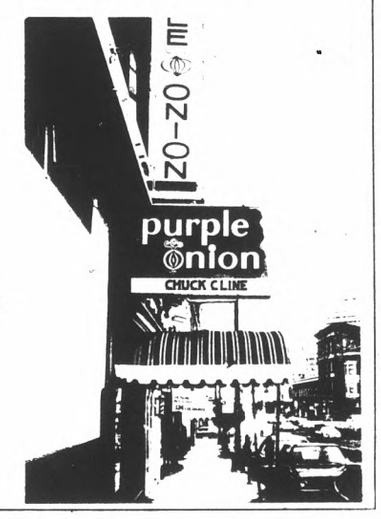


Centerfold

North Beach when it sizzled-- clubs and comics

Working the nut line-- everyday's a circus

Taking the pulse of a new style of health care



Management dispute

Janitors threaten walkout

by Eric Newton

Almost three-quarters of the Student Union custodians – including some students – are ready to quit if no changes are made in the janitorial system there, custodian Mike Koslosky claimed at last Thursday's Student Union Governing Board meeting.

Koslosky said that "things have gone from bad to worse" since January when Union custodians were put under the supervision of American Building Maintenance (ABM) Co.

Union Director Lou Bauer contracted two ABM employees in January to supervise the existing custodial staff.

He said vacancies allowed him to bring in the ABM workers "on a temporary basis."

Some Board members and custodians said this move is a step toward full contract maintenance, with a professional janitorial service contracted to clean the Union.

Bauer is scheduled to propose a long-term maintenance plan to the Board on March 2.

Bauer will not say if the plan, which affects 15 part-time and seven full-time employees, is a switch to contract maintenance.

Board Vice-Chairman Deacon Butterworth said current employees might lose their jobs if the contracted company chooses to lay them off after 60 days.

Butterworth said student jobs are also in jeopardy.

Another Board member, Edmond Thomas, said, "The Union has not been kept up. Morale is slipping."

Custodians are meeting this weekend to consider filing a joint-grievance petition complaining about the ABM management.

Their gripes range from over loaded workdays to abuse by ABM managers, Koslosky said.

Although Bauer said he encourages "employee feedback," janitors interviewed asked to remain anonymous.

"This building is the pits," one janitor said. "It's never been this bad. It's just dirty."

Another worker said he has more to do "almost every day."

A day custodian said she injured her shoulder when she was ordered to move heavy couches up a staircase.

One employee filed an incident report claiming that a night supervisor "called me all kinds of names" and ripped the employee's badge from his coat.

Bauer said he was aware of "some of the problems" and that "morale was low." But he refused to comment on any action following the Board meeting.

AS President Wayne Lukaris said the custodians have a legitimate grievance. "They should take it through channels," he said.

On the other hand, ABM executive Thomas W. Smith said in a letter to the Board: "Cleaning levels in the building were below standard" before the contract managers were hired.

Bauer's proposal and the motion to ban contract maintenance will be considered by the board on March 2.

The March 2 Board meeting to consider the maintenance plan will be held in the Student Union basement, room B112, at 2:30 p.m. Board meetings are open to the public.

Check-up on health plan

by Merrilee Morrow

The AS has been instructed by President Paul F. Romberg's office to call in lawyers to examine its problem-ridden two-year contract for health insurance, according to AS President Wayne Lukaris.

Lukaris said he was told by Stephen Dobbs, assistant to Romberg, to "get a lawyer, pronto" to determine if SF State has a case against the insurance company, Renassance, Inc.

The investigation will include the possibility of terminating the contract, now in its first year, Lukaris said.

Some of the problems that will be reviewed are the 13-week delay in mailing the insurance brochures, the lack of communication between Renassance and the other two agencies that handle parts of the program and a retroactive clause in the insurance agreement.

This clause allows coverage for "pre-existing conditions."

Students who have been enrolled continuously in SF State health insurance and have collected benefits through last year's company should be able to continue receiving payments under the new plan.

This provision may also apply to students who have just begun to take out coverage, if an agreement between Rich Kornowicz of the Student Health Center and Roy Landstrum, the insurance broker from Renassance, holds up.

This agreement would allow students who were injured during the three month period when insurance was not available to collect benefits. Students would not have to have been continuously enrolled in the insurance program.

According to Larry Kroeker, dean of student affairs, the lawyers for the AS will investigate whether the underwriter – which is a separate company from the broker – can be held responsible for the agreement between Kornowicz and Landstrum.

Kroeker said that according to the insurance brochure the student's coverage begins when the premium is paid. Usually insurance coverage runs from Aug. 31, 1977 to Aug. 31, 1978.

Some students have already paid for a full year's coverage. The underwriter wants to cover students only during the spring semester and the summer.

Kroeker said that students will be reimbursed if this occurs.

Lukaris said he knows of at least five students who have applied for benefits for injuries received during the three months when insurance was not available. One of the claims is for $3,000, he said.

Continued on Page 5, Column 2

The puzzling success of word games

by Gary Johanson

"The fans they chew their pencils,
The fans they beat their wives,
They look up words for extinct birds,
They lead such puzzling lives!"
Gelett Burgess

Not long ago, the *San Francisco Chronicle* enraged a sizable group of readers. The printing on its "Commuter" crossword puzzle was blurry.

"We got a flood of phone calls," recalls Ena McCray of the paper's Sunday and Feature Department. "People are very attached to them."

This probably explains why 90 percent of all American newspapers find space for a crossword puzzle or two. And why a Gallup survey rated crosswords the most popular "indoor" American game.

Last year, California State University at Northridge announced it was looking for someone to teach a course on "How To Build Puzzles."

James Lough, former dean of New York University, sees crosswords as a manifestation of mankind's old instinct for combat.

"Tired businessmen, college girls, and office boys may think they are seeking to improve their minds when they find the correct solution to a puzzle. But they are doing that only as a by-product," Lough said.

"What they really do is to work off a little bit of their primitive instinct for fighting – on the dictionary instead of beating their dearest enemy on the head or sticking a vicious elbow into the person who crowds them on the subway. While the fundamental instinct for combat still survives, it has become sublimated enough to enjoy a tussle with elusive synonyms."

William Harrison publishes a monthly newsletter in San Rafael for crossword puzzle constructors.

"The tenacity of the crossword in holding onto its widespread appeal can be ascribed to the fact that most people like to engage in a battle of wits – especially when there's a good chance of their coming out ahead – and are intrigued by words," he said. "The crossword shines as a hobby that entails only piddling monetary expense, calls for no special abilities or training, and incidentally is educational with no attendant pain."

But puzzles can be addicting.

A Chicago judge rationed a puzzler to three crosswords a day after his irate wife charged that he spent all his time doing crosswords.

Judy Dehnert of Pacifica speaks soberly of crosswords. "I got to the point where I was an obsessive-compulsive . . . I couldn't taper off, so I had to cold-turkey it," she said.

Paul Hartley got into crosswords while serving in prison. He used to team up with another prisoner. "They're a real test of another person's ability to get along," he said. "You quickly find out what they know and what they pretend to know. Besides, crosswords are one of the few things you can do in prison to stay out of trouble."

San Francisco is not a hotspot of crossword activity.

Cruciverbalists (don't look for it in the dictionary) tend to congregate in the New York-New Jersey region. The National Puzzler's League draws most of its members from this area.

Perhaps the reason for East Coast domination is because the best brain-bogglers in the nation – those of the *New York Times* – are available every morning.

New York City is also the home of the first modern crossword puzzle. Arthur Wynne of the *New York World* composed it in 1913. Labeled a Word-Cross, it was an instant success and soon became a staple of American newspapers.

Harrison sees the popularity of crosswords in Eastern metropolitan areas resulting from public transportation. People have free time while commuting. He says that other areas of the country such as Los Angeles, are too car-oriented to allow people sufficient time to work on a crossword while commuting.

Crosswords were also responsible for launching the publishing careers of New Yorkers Richard Simon and Lincoln Schuster in 1924. Simon's aunt wanted a book of crossword puzzles to give to her daughter as a present. There was no such book.

For an advance royalty of $25 each, three editors of the *New York World* agreed to compile a book of

Continued on Page 5, Column 1



Many people begin the morning with a cup of coffee and a crossword puzzle. Photo by Gary Cameron

Complaintmobile helps consumers

by Larry Kemp

To make the Consumer Fraud Unit of the District Attorney's office more accessible to the public, the Complaintmobile has hit the streets.

"The Complaintmobile is designed to serve San Francisco consumers who don't know about the District Attorney's service," said Leah Brumer, Complaintmobile project director.

"There are lots of complaints in San Francisco that are unvoiced and we would like to encourage people to seek recourse," she said.

The District Attorney's mediation service is free to anyone with a complaint about a San Francisco business.

Even though the Complaintmobile is open to all, "the target communities for the project are the non-English speaking, lower income and those not comfortable with the District Attorney's office," Brumer said.

The Complaintmobile's bilingual staff tries to inform target communities that the scope of the District Attorney's office extends beyond the prosecution of criminal cases and it is willing to help consumers with small claims.

"Many people do not trust any government agency," said Violet Chu, a Complaintmobile staff member. "We're here to break down the language and psychological barriers."

Brumer said many potential clients are uncomfortable with the official atmosphere at the Hall of Justice and will not go there to make complaints.

The main purpose of the Complaintmobile is to act as a disinterested third party in consumer disputes.

Usually, a fair compromise can be worked out without ever going to court, Brumer said. "Sometimes all it takes is a letter from the District Attorney's office to get a positive reaction."

After a complaint is received, an investigator calls to verify the details of the claim and to find out what the consumer wants for a fair settlement.

The business is then contacted for its side of the dispute, and what, if anything, it is willing to settle for.

If the unit cannot negotiate an agreement, the consumer can then file in small claims court for a binding settlement.

The Consumer Fraud Unit holds monthly bilingual seminars on how to win in small claims court.

But Brumer said, "We don't give legal advice and we don't have private attorneys for the people. When the district attorneys who work in this unit file suit they represent the City and County of San Francisco. They don't represent people."

A client needing a lawyer is referred to the San Francisco Bar Association's Lawyer Referral Service and the charge is $15 for a half-hour consultation.

The Complaintmobile visits the Civic Center, Chinatown, Hunters Point and the Mission and Richmond districts weekly.

Brumer had wanted to include the Stonestown Shopping Center but was allowed only one visit on Sept. 16, 1977.

"They (Stonestown) said it was private property and they were exercising their property rights," Brumer said. "We tried to negotiate with them. I feel we didn't get a proper hearing. We weren't given the opportunity to discuss why we felt it was important to bring our people there."

Ida May Brewster, spokeswoman for Stonestown, said, "Our feeling is that they weren't in the right neighbor hood. It is a very fine service, but it should be where people need it. It would be unfair to other areas that really need that help."

Further, Stonestown prohibits soliciting or petitioning of any kind and made an exception for the Complaintmobile.

Stonestown had authorized a table to be set up in front of the Simply Scrumptious Cafe. Instead the truck was parked along the red curb in front of The Emporium.

The Emporium felt it was being singled out for complaint action, Brewster said.

"Some businesses feel that we are after them. I don't think this is true," Brumer said. "Most businesses that have dealt with this office understand that we are doing as much of a service for them as for the consumer. We're cleaning up the market place and establishing the businesses good faith and reputation."

The program is slow in being accepted in other areas of the city as well.

"We haven't had an easy time getting complaints in Hunters Point," Brumer said. "People there hesitate to contact the District Attorney. People don't trust the District Attorney or this office to take action.

"But it is important for us to keep coming back week after week so they'll know we'll be around if they have a problem."

The Complaintmobile is funded by a $35,000 federal grant from the Department of Justice through the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

"The city almost gets this service for free," Brumer said. "It pays only about five percent of the operating costs."

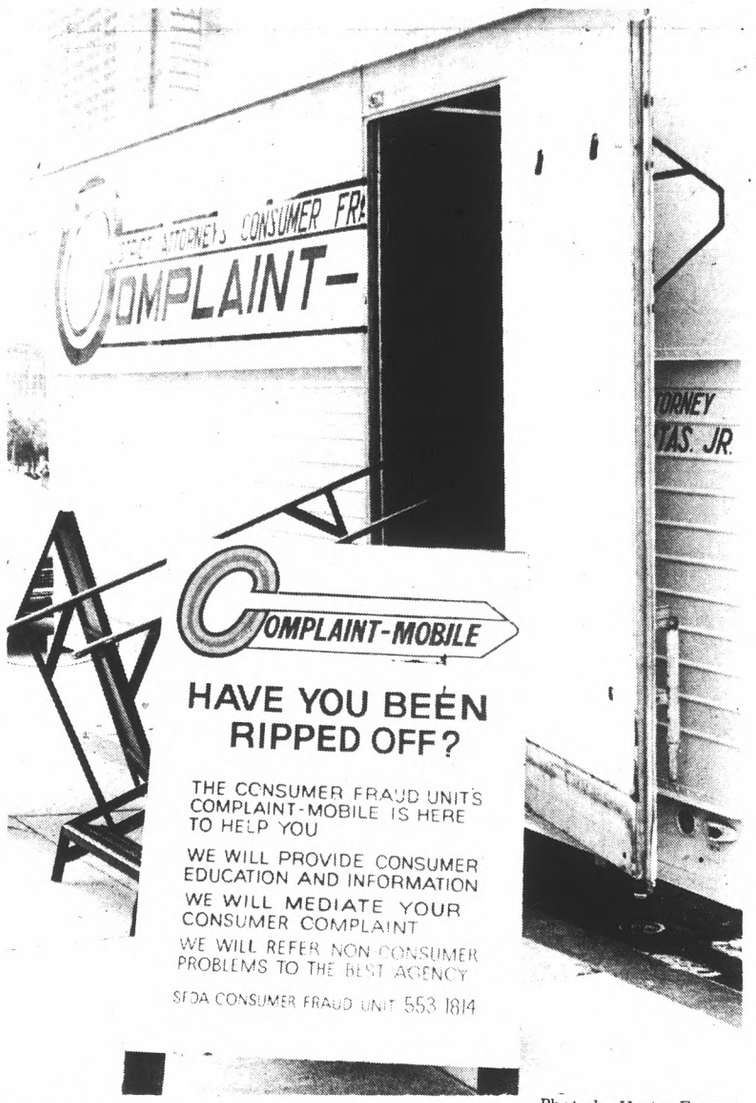


Photo by Hector Esparza

Sometimes the mountain does go to the people. . .this time it's part of the mountainous bureaucracy of the District Attorney's Office which has put itself on sheels and is visiting the City's neighborhoods mediating consumer complaints.

Lukaris advises women on Center

by Jeff Kaye

AS President Wayne Lukaris said last Friday that he would support a separate Women's Drop-in Center if it would benefit all women on campus, and not just a small group.

His statement came during a meeting with representatives of the Women's Center, Richard Sevilla (Program Action Center coordinator), and three AS legislators.

The meeting, held in Student Union M114, was part of an ongoing attempt to resolve the conflict that began when the Women's Center was merged with three other AS programs forming the PAC.

The Women's Center representatives presented an outlined statement of purpose, detailing their position on the need for a separate Women's Drop-in Center.

"This is nice. This is what I wanted to see," said Lukaris, referring to the outlined statement. "It's brought a lot to my attention that I didn't understand before."

At a previous meeting, Lukaris had said he wasn't sure what function the Women's Center served.

It also introduced a list of future Women's Center programs.

The women's statement contained past accomplishments of the Women's Center -- creation of the Security patrol, workshops, and rap and support groups.

"If we had a Drop-in Center, we could serve all the women on campus," said Barbara Monty, a member of the Women's Center staff.

Monty added that the Women's Studies Department does not have a lounge and so a separate Women's Center could serve that function also.

"I'll start looking for a place in the Student Union," said Lukaris, adding that if he couldn't find one he would talk to Konnilyn Feig, vice-president of administrative affairs, about finding a place on campus for the women.

Both groups agreed to hold another meeting next Monday at 2 p.m. in Student Union M114 to come up with organizational ideas.

"I want to see a program that will include ways of publicizing, so all women will use the Center," said Lukaris.

"I'd like to see how it will be set up," added Sevilla "How will you make it so one particular group won't take over?"

Near the conclusion of the meeting, Lukaris said he hoped the AS and the women would be able to work something out that would make the women happy.

"Hopefully, it will make you happy, too," Monty replied.

Carter wants more student grants

by Jaime Lapus

An estimated 75 percent of SF State's undergraduate students would qualify for free federal cash under President Carter's proposed student aid budget, according to Jeffrey Baker, a campus financial aid officer.

Aimed at middle-class college students, Carter's $1.2 billion addition to an original $4 billion proposed budget would raise Basic Educational Opportunity Grant (BEOG) income eligibility levels from $16,000 to $25,000.

This would mean that students whose families earn less than $25,000 could qualify for grants of at least $250. Those with family incomes of less than $16,000 would be eligible for larger grants, according to Baker, assistant director of Financial Aid Office operations.

About 3,500 SF State students currently receive BEOG awards. The number of recipients "could easily reach 10,000" under Carter's proposal, said Baker.

The increase in BEOG gunds would raise the maximum SF State grant of $838 to about $1,100. The amount of the grant is tied to a student's income, tuition and living situation.

The proposed budget also would add $279 million to the Federally Insured Student Loan (FISL) program and raise the income eligibility level for loan applicants from $25,000 to $40,000.

FISL enables eligible students to get loans from banks and other off-campus lending institutions. The federal government pays the interest on these loans while borrowers are in school.

Carter's proposal also would increase appropriations for college work-study programs by $150 million, from the current $450 million to $600 million. SF State's $700,000 a year work-study program would be boosted to about $1 million, according to Baker.

An estimated 800 SF State students would be working under the program by the end of the semester and the number "could increase to a thousand students if the new money comes in," Baker said.

Under Carter's proposal, loan maximums will remain as they are: $2,500 per year for undergraduate students ($7,500 total for all loans) and $5,000 per year for graduate students ($15,000 total).

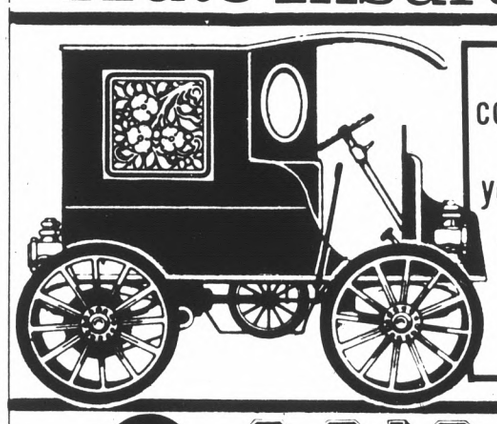
The proposal will have to be presented to Congress for approval. The $5.2 billion budget proposal was reported in the press as both an administration effort to ease the financial squeeze of college education on middle-class students and to reduce Capitol Hill support for a proposal to grant a $250 tax credit to *tuition*-paying families.

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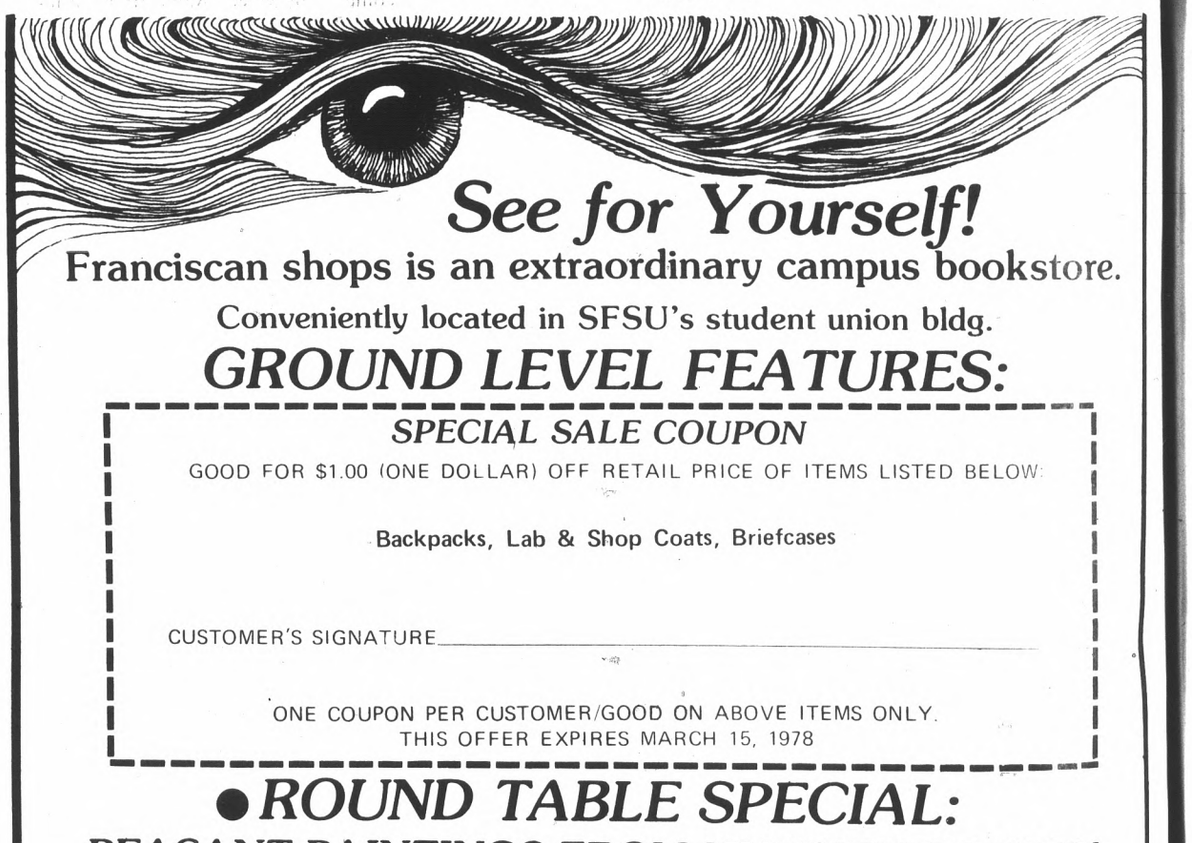
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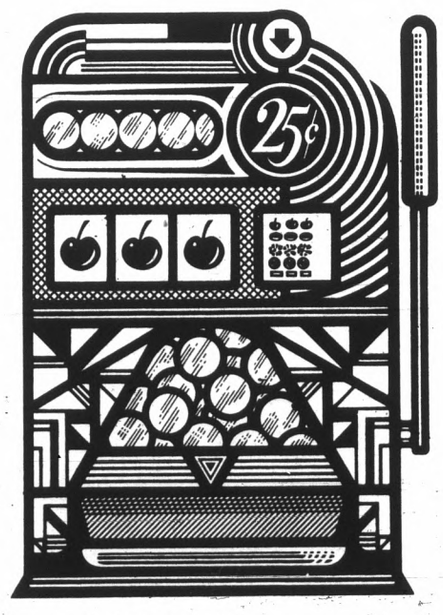
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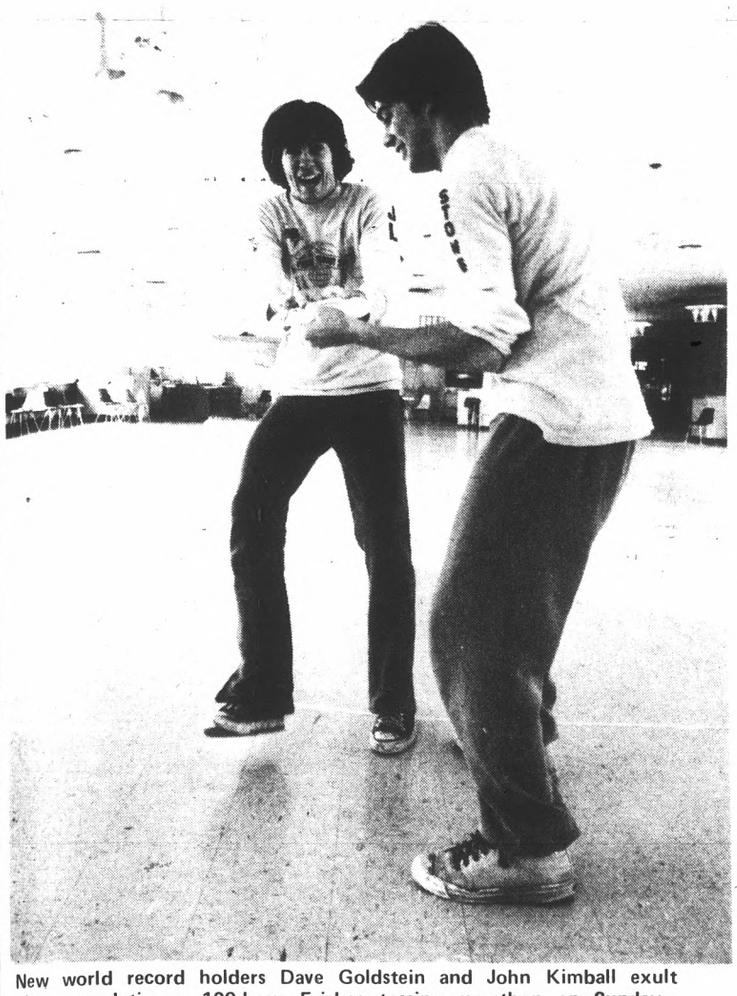
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New world record holders Dave Goldstein and John Kimball exult after completing a 100-hour Frisbee tossing marathon on Sunday night.

The two began throwing on Wednesday afternoon and rested for only five minutes each hour. They broke the old record by 22 hours.

Part-timers seek security

by George Keneborus

Ten years ago, the path to professional security seemed clearly marked, at least for the academic-minded.

Education was booming and high school counselors regularly urged college-bound students toward teaching, where, according to conventional wisdom, "You'll never get rich, but you'll always have a job."

Teachers entering the job market today, particularly those seeking positions in higher education, find that conventional wisdom couldn't have been more wrong.

Only 42 percent of 1977's crop of new English Ph.D.s – 1,094 of them – have found "steady teaching positions," according to *TIME* magazine (Jan. 9, 1978).

Full-time positions have become increasingly hard to find. Community colleges and four-year institutions throughout the country have shown a growing preference for hiring new faculty on a part-time or temporary basis to meet the demands of the moment.

SF State is no exception to the nationwide trend. Part-time and temporary instructors – classified as lecturers – outnumber tenure-track (tenured and probationary) faculty 843 to 669, according to J. Bradford Pringle, academic planner.

Lecturers are hired on a limited basis, for a semester or a year. This work can't be counted toward tenure and if the lecturer's class doesn't attract enough students, he is out of a job.

Some lecturers feel they are being exploited.

"They have one interest, we have another," said James Russell, a sociology lecturer who is in his sixth year of temporary service. "They know what they're doing. It's a question of power at this point."

Russell serves on the Part-time Faculty Committee, which was organized by the United Professors of California. He sees hope for part-timers if faculty unions can consolidate.

Legislation to allow collective bargaining by faculties of the University of California and the CSUC is still pending in Sacramento.

Russell said that all part-timers should be put on tenure-track, excluding only a narrow range of moonlighters, last-minute replacements and visiting lecturers teaching specialized classes within their area of expertise.

According to Lawrence Ianni, dean of faculty affairs, heavier use of temporary instructors is necessary because of the leveling off of enrollment which followed the growth of the 1960s.

During that time, the bulk of the post-WWII "Baby Boom" made its way through the education system. Ironically, many of those now scrambling for teaching positions are members of the "Baby Boom" themselves.

From an administrative point of view, fluctuations of student interest in specific programs and the possibility of a significant decline in overall enrollment are handled more easily by hiring part-timers than by juggling or laying-off tenured faculty.

The University takes pains to maintain a clear distinction between full and part-time faculty. Ianni carefully pointed out that part-timers do not receive raises, but they may be rehired at a higher salary.

"Everything we do with temporary faculty is meant to keep reinforcing the idea that they are temporary," Ianni said.

It also serves to discourage claims of "de facto" tenure by temporary instructors of long standing, he said.

"What's different with the part-time situation now in comparison with a decade ago is that many who are part-time now don't want to be," Ianni said. "But part-time and temporary positions are all they're able to come up with."

During the boom period of the 1960s, observed Joseph Corn, history lecturer and Ph.D., "you could get tenure by being a good teacher."

Some of those who earned permanent positions during that period may contribute to the pinch that temporary faculty members feel today. Many of them are comparatively young and the tenured positions they hold will not open in the near future.

In December 1977, a task force, appointed by the CSUC Office of the Chancellor, published an extensive report on temporary faculty.

The task force concluded that a "phase two task force" should be created and advanced a number of recommendations for modifications in present appointment procedures.

The recommendations include:

* Year-long appointments for part-time faculty when practical.
* Firm, rather than contingent, offers of employment to part-timers when possible.
* Standardization of evaluation procedures for temporary faculty.
* Scrapping of limits on the number of consecutive appointments for part-timers. Temporary faculty are excluded to avoid the possibility of establishing claims of "de facto" tenure.
* A study of the possibility of granting tenure to part-time faculty.
* The possibility of assigning additional non-teaching duties to part-time faculty, and compensating them accordingly.
* Extension of fringe benefits for part-timers.

"We already do a number of those things," said Ianni. "We do give them year-long contracts, if we can. We try to appoint in advance." He also noted that the University often disregards the limit on consecutive appointments.

"The direction in the future will be more a matter of political force than of educational wisdom," said Ianni. "We may have just about reached the outer limits of the wise use of part-time and temporary faculty."

Anti-Bakke groups meet at City College

by Jeff Kaye

Overturning the Bakke decision was the theme at a Bay Area conference held last Saturday at City College of San Francisco.

The conference took place on the first day of a "National Week of Education and Action Against the Bakke Decision and Racism."

Allan Bakke, 34, was rejected by UC Davis Medical School in 1973 and 1974. He charged that he was a victim of reverse discrimination because he is white. Bakke won his case before the California Supreme Court. The case is currently before the U.S. Supreme Court on appeal.

According to Sandy Porter, director of the National Student Coalition Against Racism, Saturday's conference was held to "create more unity among organizations opposed to the Bakke decision."

He said the anti-Bakke movement would be more effective if all groups opposed to the decision would coordinate their activities.

The speakers included representatives from the National Committee to Overturn the Bakke Decision (NCOBD), National Organization of Women (NOW) and the Student Coalition Against Racism (SCAR).

Alameda County Supervisor John George and Joseph E. Hall, president of the San Francisco NAACP, also spoke.

"In a racist society it is not enough to be non-racist," George said in his presentation. "You have to actively oppose racism.

"Bakke is the tip of the iceberg. All the little gains we made during the 60s are in jeopardy."

NOW representative Barbara Kline said, "We have to start organizing here today. We must build a powerful, broad and unified movement."

After 21 speakers, there were five proposals, all of which carried before the assembly.

These were:

* Endorsement of all activities, groups, and events that support the anti-Bakke movement.
* Coordinate activities sometime around April 4 (anniversary of Martin Luther King's assassination).
* Formation of an inter-school communications committee.
* Support for City College President Kenneth Washington's contract renewal.
* Promote Bakke decision discussions in all classrooms in the Bay Area.

The last item on the conference agenda called for regional workshops and discussions. Fewer than 50 people stayed for the day's workshops.

Announcements

Space is still available in the SF State Community Garden. The garden is open to staff, students and faculty interested in growing their own vegetables or flowers. Seeds, tools and compost provided. Applications available outside HLL 374.

The Nutrition Clinic in Student Health Center is offering group sessions. Sign up for particular session at the Student Health Center. Weight control: Thursdays 1:15 to 2:45, Feb. 23 and March 9 and 16. Nutrition and health: Tuesdays 1:15 to 2:45, Feb. 28, March 7 and 14. Nutrition for the vegetarian: Tuesdays 1:15 to 2:45, Feb. 28, March 7 and 14. Contact Margaret Acosta, Nutrition Clinic, Student Health Service, 469-1251.

The Student Activities Office is considering starting a Student Record Service. The service would provide a place for recording your extracurricular activities, offices, honors, scholarships and awards. This record would be useful in applying for scholarships, grants, graduate schools and jobs. Call 469-2171 if you would like to see the service on campus.

The EOP office has been moved to Room 113 in the old Administration Building.

Film on South Africa – "The Rising Tide", Thursday Feb. 23, at 11 a.m. in the conference rooms in the Student Union. Sponsored by the Organizing Committee for New African Liberation Support Committee and the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade.

Secretary named as best SF State staffer

Mildred Kroll, Art Department secretary, was chosen as the outstanding member of SF State's support and administrative staff yesterday.

Kroll was chosen from among the 70 employees who were considered for the award. The 11-member SF State staff council made the selection.

Kroll received a $25 personal check from President Paul F. Romberg. She said she will use the money for an Art Department party.

Kroll, 60, said she was "very pleased and very surprised." She has been at SF State for 15 years. She was also stationed in San Francisco as a Marine Corps sergeant during World War II.



Photo by Lynn Carey

Mildred Kroll honored.

Lana Thompson, president of the staff council, said the award was initiated last year to boost staff morale.

"The staff is the most neglected segment of the campus community," Thompson said. "This is President Romberg's way of giving a special bit of recognition to our employees."

First place for Phoenix in contest

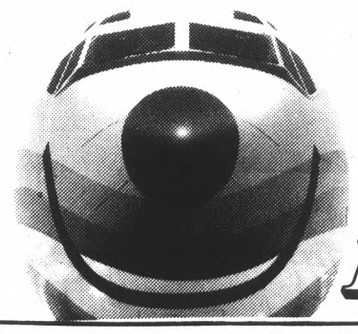
Phoenix was named the best four-year college newspaper in the state last weekend.

The California Newspaper Publishers Association ranked *Phoenix* first in general excellence for 1977. The paper competed against other publications from four-year universities and colleges in California.

The judges cited *Phoenix* for "its excellent campus coverage," and its "well-balanced photojournalism... attractive makeup" and "excellent treatment of features."

Accepting the award was Daniel C. Carson, managing editor of *Phoenix* during the spring, 1977 semester and now a reporter for the San Diego *Union*. The awards ceremony took place last Saturday at the CNPA convention in San Diego.

TAKE A STUDY BREAK!



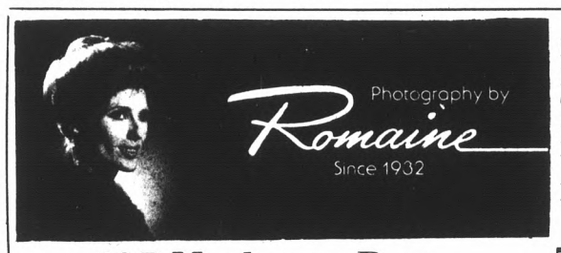
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OPINIONS

The $400 million roundup

News item: the federal government may be doing something right.

The Federally-Insured Student Loans program, which has been going downhill for the last 12 years, is being rejuvenated by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

HEW has announced it will contract private collection agencies in California and 11 other test states in an effort to recover some of the $414 million worth of delinquent and defaulted student loans. This is big news from an agency that only a few years ago had six collectors for the entire country.

Before, the problem was not considered serious enough to merit any attention. After all, $414 million spread out over a 12-year time span is not an awesome sum by Washington standards (in fact, it is less than one-tenth of one percent of the current proposed budget), but it seems that the increased concern may have been as much a moral issue as an economic one.

The default rate on FISL loans is so high that most banks refuse to take on new applicants unless they open an account with the bank. Students who default know the odds are good they won't be pursued by an HEW that, until recently, didn't seem to be aware there was a problem. Consequently, students are labeled poor credit risks.

The question now is whether HEW can pull its collection test off successfully. In shutting-the-barn-door-after-the-cow-has-left terms, it isn't going to be easy to track down students, some of whom have been out of college for more than a decade.

Aware of the traditional image of the collection agency, HEW claims they will not be "Scrooges" and get tough with everyone who defaulted on a loan, Indeed, after ignoring the situation for 12 years, it would hardly be realistic to take a hard line from the start.

The government student loan program has helped spread the image of the student as a bad credit risk, thanks to a system which was pitifully easy to take advantage of. Although some may mourn the passing of easy no-risk loan defaulting, with increased concern and a competent watchdog ability, HEW's student loan program will benefit everyone. Additional funds will be available for students who need them, and another "good" program will not come under fire for using too many of the tax payer's dollars.

A flight into history

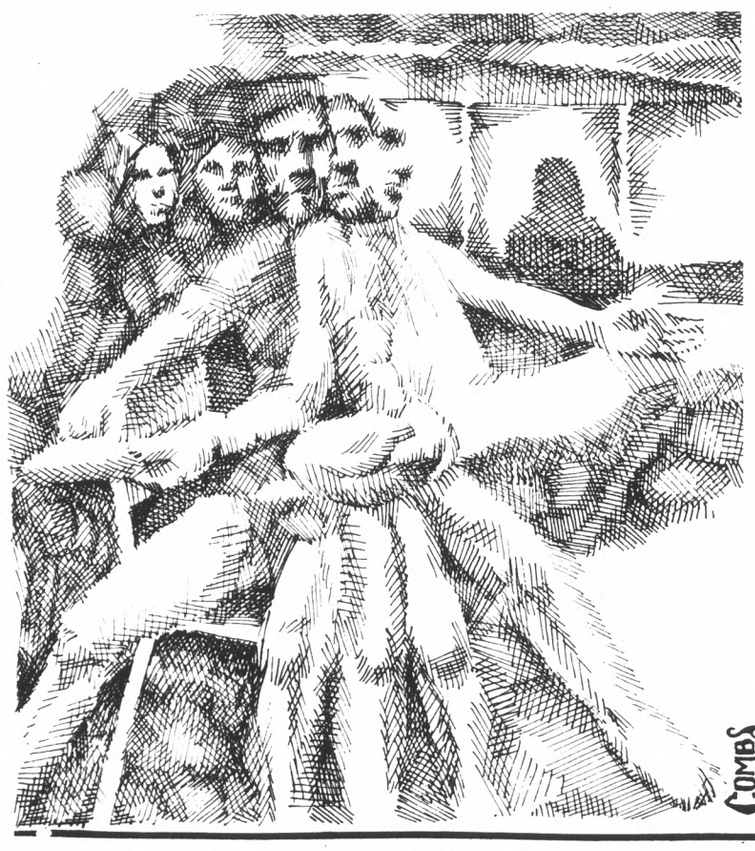
John Kimball and David Goldstein made a sort of history last week. Standing at opposite ends of a room, they flung Frisbees at each other for 100 hours. In that time, their Frisbees bounced, fluttered, rolled, sailed, and skittered 112 miles and into a place in the next *Guiness Book of World Records.*

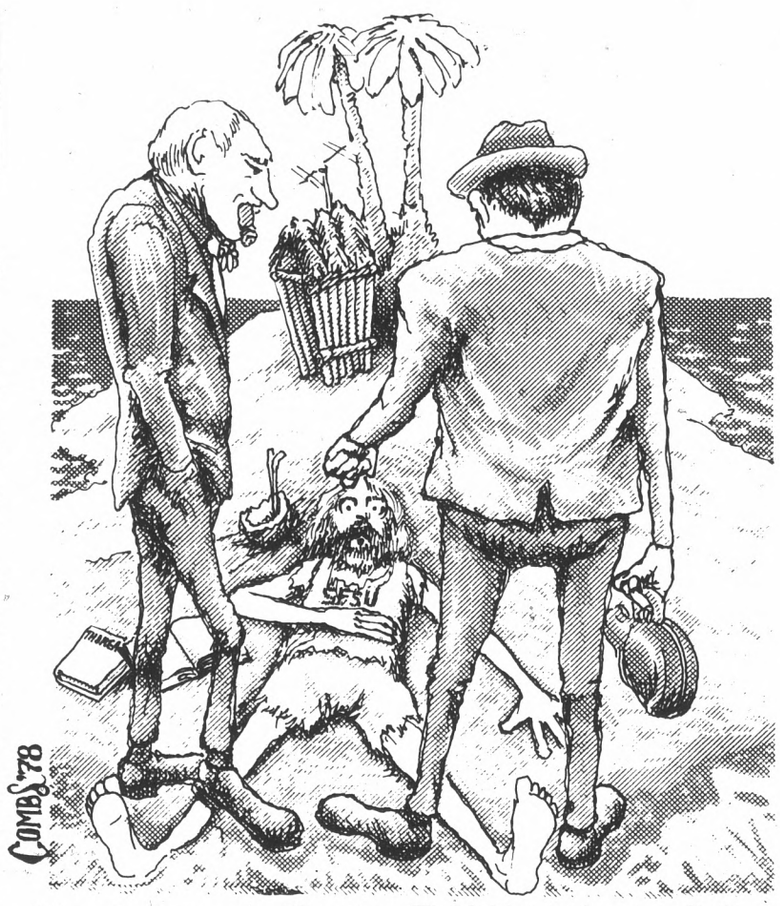
Some observers said the event was a monumental waste of time, 6,000 minutes of mindlessness, heinous frivolity in the academic community.

We can't agree. A century ago the romance was in running away to sea. Within this century it has been running to fight the two great wars.

Now we are a tamer society, a society of guard rails and factory-installed, government-sanctioned equipment. We no longer admire people who fight the big fight or join the great cause. We look to those who strive for total individuality.

Kimball and Goldstein have achieved that, and they have achieved it with a flair and a style that all of us should envy.





"Good afternoon, Marvin. We'd like to have a little chat with you about your student loan."

AS news and views

by Eric Newton

* It used to be a glob of metal and fiberglass out in front of the Library. It used to announce speakers and movies. It disappeared in January.

But marquee-hunter and general madman Wayne Lukaris wants it back. The AS president says the campus work crews ripped up the sign because space for it "wasn't in the campus master plan."

The marquee, conceived by and built under AS President Tim Dayonot about four years ago, now lies dying in the Plant Operations maintenance yard, Lukaris says.

Administration rips up the marquee, students put it back, the hole-diggers have work, and everyone's happy.

* The Ted Baxter spelling award goes this week to Joyce Shimizu, Student Union Governing Board chairwoman. Shimizu signed a cover letter for a six-document package she later said she "hadn't read completely."

In six pages, there were at least 60 typos.

My favorites: "employie" (employee) and "opion" (opinion).

* At last count, eight of 22 AS officials live in the dorms. None of the top officers live on-campus, but there might be a legislator on your floor, dorm-dwellers. Here are the members and room numbers:

Verducci Hall: Laura Berkstresser, 515; Ray Coshow, 1208; Aime Freid man, 417; Vinod Kripalani, 926; Kevin Meagher, 420 .

Mary Ward Hall: Angela Gardner, 422; Allison Hannay, 501; Peggy Vanucci, 537.

That's eight. These are your elected officials; you are the constitue.its.

* Two misplaced plaques in the Student Union, mezzanine level, AS offices. One says "Deacon Butterworth" and the other "Corp. Sec'y."

* The Union governing board voted not to change its operating procedures to allow Butterworth to work on it and as AS corporate secretary at the same time.

Only one member voted *for* the rule change. You guessed it: Butterworth himself.

Lukaris says he's "letting the dust settle" before he picks another corp. sec'y. It doesn't matter. No one knows what the secretary is supposed to do anyway.

* Campus cops await the new chief with pens in hand. The administration's choice is expected "any day now," according to Don Scoble, public relations chief.

* Fantastic Frisbee flingers Dave Goldstein and John Kimball have only opened the door for record making at SF State.

Although 100 hours of *anything* is certainly meritorious, bigger records are to be had.

Official scorekeepers inform me that Samantha Graff's information people in the Student Union have insulted 120,000 consecutive students.

"She can take her full-time job and those uppity info people and their full-time jobs and leave," one irate Union Board member shouted.

* Somewhere out there, broadcasting major Bruce Groth is trying to gather enough signatures for a referendum to *dissolve* the AS.

Plop, plop, fizz, fizz, oh what a relief it would be . . .

LETTERS

Audit clarification

I have just read the article in the Feb. 9 issue of Phoenix, regarding the AS budget freeze. Unfortunately, there was a misunderstanding during our discussion of President Romberg's reply to the Internal Audit Report.

I did not then, and I do not now, object to the President's reply in which he stated that he would proceed to dissolve the association if agreement could not be reached. This is the only option open to a president regarding an impasse with the associated student organization, or with any other auxillary organization on his campus.

I do object to the limited options available to a president. This is the context in which my words were meant, that ,"you don't chop someone's head off if they're not perfect." At the present time, dissolution is the only option available to a president.

We have recommended before, and we will recommend again, that the president of a campus be given authority commensurate with his responsibility, specifically: more options in directing auxiliary organizations other than that of dissolving them.

Fred Dalton, Chief
Internal Audit Staff

The letters to the editors section is one of the first and most read sections of any newspaper. Phoenix *welcomes all letters and will publish as many as possible. Letters must be signed but names will be held on request.*

Longer opinion pieces are also solicited but they must be signed. No guarantee of publishing can be made – first priority for space is given the Phoenix *workshop class.*

Please submit all contributions to HLL 207. Deadline is Tuesday noon.

Segregation on television

Black and white in color

by Marc D'Angelo

While segregation has lost its position as one of this nation's burning issues it is far from gone, especially in the media.

Specifically in television, segregation between blacks and whites is shockingly obvious. Viewers can only wonder if the civil rights movement affected television at all.

Programs aimed solely at grabbing black viewers are less subtle in their approach. Their casts are totally blacks. So are the commercials.

It's amazing to watch a show like "Good Times" where the cast is entirely black. It is as if all the white people were wiped out by some sort of discriminating plague.

What is even worse is the blatant poor scheduling of the black programs. The placement of the shows sends blacks to the rear of the bus.

To insure a large black audience on Monday evenings, CBS has "Good Times," a black situation comedy, followed by "Baby, I'm Back," another black sit-com.

Slated for a low viewing night and against rough competition such as Monday Night Football, it appears that the programs are no more than "token shows."

Although this segregation in programming has been around for a while, attempts have been made to integrate actors in programs.

Today, television has a few of these formula programs. The police line-up on Thursday night includes the ABC hit "Barney Miller." The show features performers who protray an Asian, a Jew, a black, a Pole and assorted extras. They make up a "normal" New York precinct police station.

Every episode of the police station comedy follows the same format, no matter what the plot. Each character has a turn to tell or be the butt of a racial joke.

For example, the Asian's dialogues have constant references to fortune cookies, starch in laundry, and overpopulation. And while the black gets his share of soul food humor, the Pole is the buffoon and the subject of ridicule.

So these programs often backfire. They serve to reinforce and perpetuate the stereotypes which should be abolished.

Regularly the shows are reduced to a half-hour of ethnic humor loosely woven around an already threadbare plot.

Eventually, a combination of viewer pressure and evolving television trends must create a change in the programming of television.

But, for now, most viewers are content to settle for television programs whose scheduling and content is separate but equally poor.

Changing your apartment won't change your life

by Jim Gibbons

When you move into a new place you have a chance to start life anew, like the people of a century ago who got off the boat at Melbourne.

Enveloping your new, unfurnished, uncurtained quarters is an atmosphere tremendously conducive to personal growth.

I have no idea why that is. Perhaps the sociologists could tell us, but they would say something such as:

"*Equilibrium* (1): The assertion that all variables are *interdependent*, changes in the value that one entailing value changes in the others, except that..."

We wouldn't be able to understand them, anyway.

It must have something to do, however, with all those clean, uncluttered halls and rooms. There is no sign of evil man; you can start anew in the primitive freshness.

And, upon opening the door to my new apartment, and stepping inside, I realized that's what I'd do -- start anew.

First, I would buy a set of matched plates. Nothing impresses me more, when dining at someone else's house, than matched plates. "Ah, matched plates!" I say. "These people truly appreciate life."

I'd buy some new cutlery, too. All I have now are steak knives culled from garage sales. Steak knives are stink-o for chopping vegetables.

And now's my chance to learn about *avant-garde* classical music. I planned to take out some records and criticisms from the library, go home to my new place and read the books and listen to the music. Guys like Shoenburg, Berg and Cage -- their music would be as familiar to me as Count Basie's.

I'd start returning things to the library on time, too.

Plus, I'd clean my typewriter keys more often.

But then there are those things which prevent personal growth. For one thing, I'm constantly nervous, a nervousness caused by the lowness of the railing which borders the stairs outside my third floor flat. Some night, frantically attempting to make it to the liquor store before closing, I'll trip on the stairs and go sailing over the railing. That's how I'll die.

And another annoyance -- a small dog constantly barks, with a shrill yelp, in the next yard; soon the neighbors will be puzzled by a pile of avocado pits and apple cores in their yard.

And as far as eating vegetables goes, well...chicken pot pies just taste better to me; plain and simple.

So it would seem that my attempt to start life anew will be an unsuccessful one. But life teaches us that we make only small progressions.

I cleaned off my typewriter keys, and this comforted me.

PHOENIX
SPRING 1978

Phoenix *is a weekly laboratory newspaper published during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. The opinions of the* Phoenix *editorial board are expressed in unsigned editorials. The content of* Phoenix *does not necessarily reflect the policies or opinions of the Department of Journalism or of the university administration.*

Research for some of the articles appearing in Phoenix *was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.*

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CHEERLEADER TRY—OUTS! Come to the first meeting Thurs., April 13 in Gym 200 C, 1:00 pm. For information call Shelly 873-0919.

PRE—SEASON BARGAIN! Be ready for spring. Have your own personal transportation. Lambretta motorscooter 200cc for sale. $525/offer. Call 543-7353.

TRANSFER magazine needs submissions: Poetry fiction, graphics. Deadline March 3. HLL 236 Creative Writing Office.

COUNSELORS, day-camp, spring vacation, March 20-24. Peninsula Jewist Center, Belmont. Transportation necessary. Experience with children; Jewish knowledge helpful. $50.—$70./wk. Call 591-4438.

Women interested in meeting new friends and becoming active in the community? Join B'N'T sorority. Call Maxine 359-6449/Debbie 387-6750.

Lost watch w/red face and red band. Between BSS, Gym and Student Union. REWARD! Carmen 922-4725. Lost on Feb 2.

Film student seeks share rental. I'm dependable, quiet and don't smoke. Any area but inexpensive. Joe 776-2950 and keep trying!

Woman to share flat near Castro-Market with 2 others. $100. and utilities. Quiet, non-smoker only. 863-3249. Available March 10.

For sale: Baldwin Grand Player "Expression" Welte-Mignon piano. Also many assorted piano rolls (Joseph Levine, etc.) Call evenings 431-4381.

For rent: Three women wanted to rent house in Berkeley. Three bedrooms, yard. Unfurnished. Available March 1st. $430. month. 843-3692.

Lite moving. Careful, economical, jovial. Call 626-9432. Short notice OK.

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Mechanical pencil, Cross, gold color, lost in Science Building or Biology Building on Feb. 9. It has sentimental value to me. It has my name, J. Russel Gavel, engraved on it near the pocket clasp. My office is Science 277, and I have a mailbox in Biology 534. Its return would be greatly appreciated.

UNCLASSIFIEDS ARE FREE TO STUDENTS, FACULTY AND STAFF MEMBERS of San Francisco State University. The first 35 turned in before Friday, 5:00 pm will be published in the next issue and, if space permits, the first 10 turned in before noon, Monday. ADVERTISING a SERVICE FOR MONEY — tutoring, typing etc. costs 10 cents per word, payable in advance. ADS FROM NON-MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE COST 10 CENTS PER WORD. PHOENIX ads can be mailed in but no phone-in ads will be accepted.

Crossword puzzles--two words spelling fun

Continued from Page 1

World agreed to compile a book of puzzles. Simon and Schuster were able to find a printer, who was also a fan of crosswords, to publish their first book.

Within a year, three volumes of puzzles had appeared with total sales of more than 400,000 copies. In 1970, Simon and Schuster published Crossword Puzzle Book Number 100 – "a cause for cerebration and celebration."

Simon and Schuster no longer monopolizes the crossword book market. A survey of nine San Francisco bookstores shows four carry crossword puzzle books and magazines from a number of different publishers. These puzzles sell from between $2 and $9 and offer varying degrees of difficulty. The puzzles are often thematic – a puzzle might take the shape of a guitar and be about music.

Another popular form of crossword is the contest puzzle. Magazines such as *Prizewinner* offer prizes of up to $500 for perfect solutions. The contests cover the spectrum of word games. The only catch is that most contests have an average entry fee of about $3.

A description of its readership is offered in a *Prizewinner* article "Promoting a Contest."

"Many if not all of *Prizewinner*'s readers and subscribers are either working persons or pensioned and retired," the article states. "They have limited funds. The housewife usually participates. The husband is too tired to participate in contests after earning the family's income. The retiree must save, scrimp, and budget money so as to have enough to pay for the entry fees.

Harrison noted that most crossword puzzle "purists" consider the contest puzzle as "beneath their dignity."

The pay for building crosswords is small, Harrison said, but the non-monetary rewards can be great.

"There is," he said, "a greater sense of achievement from constructing than solving . . . a more vigorous and absorbing challenge to one's talents."

According to professional puzzle constructor Jack Steinhardt, constructors are usually paid from $15 or $35 a puzzle. Figuring the time involved in composing and marketing a puzzle, Steinhardt says his average rate of pay out is 87 cents an hour.

Some people manage to make a good living at constructing crosswords. If you think you might have what it takes, here are a few tips to keep in mind.

Most publishers are well-stocked with puzzles, but most of this glut is in the ordinary crossword field.

It is best to make a highly topical puzzle. Unusual styles of puzzles are more likely to sell, as are cryptic clue puzzles. British-style crosswords might be on their way in.

Unlike American crosswords, British puzzles do not have as many interlocking words, making it nearly impossible to figure out a word by filling in crosswords.

For British puzzlers, solving each and every cryptic clue is the best part.

The winner of the 1971 British National Crossword Championship, James Atkins, described the necessary qualities as "practice and a ragbag of a mind which stores away completely unrelated bits of fact."

Atkins might have foreseen that John Sykes would win the following year's contest, completing the four final puzzles in the amazing time of eight-and-a-half minutes. Sykes' occupation: editor of the Concise Oxford Dictionary.

Health insurance to be investigated

Continued from Page 1

For legal reasons. Lukaris said he was unable to discuss the specific course of action the lawyers will take. Lukaris has instructed Barry Bloom, AS chief justice, to recommend a lawyer who knows insurance law.

Usually about 2,000 students buy health insurance through SF State each year. This year 300 are signed up, said Kornowicz.

SF State has a long history of insurance company problems.

Kornowicz said that during the past four years the AS has changed insurance brokers or underwriters each year.

Last semester's problems were amplified by the fact that SF State has three separate agencies handling one health insurance plan.

The broker, Landstrum, is free to choose an underwriter and claim adjustor. The underwriter guarantees the payment of benefits and arranges the terms of the policy. The adjustor investigates the claims and handles the printing of insurance brochures.

Kornowicz said that most colleges have separate agencies because underwriters don't want to deal directly with a university which might overburden their regular service.

Present difficulties with the insurance program can be traced to last summer when Jose Rodrigues, former AS general manager and insurance coordinator, resigned before the final contract with Renassance was signed. The AS budget freeze prevented Kornowicz from contacting former AS President Thabiti Mtambuzi during the summer to straighten out the plan and get contracts signed.

The AS finally responded to Kornowicz when Michael Greenwood, former AS treasurer, was assigned to act as liaison between the insurance broker and students on Aug. 16.

The mailing of brochures was repeatedly delayed last semester because of misprinted insurance forms and what Kroeker termed "the ineptitude of the insurance broker."

The 28,000 brochures were lost in the mail when they were sent to SF State in November. When the forms were found, they sat in the Daly City post office for three weeks until the $450 mailing fee was paid by the University. According to the insurance contract, the broker can use the university's bulk mailing rate.

Forms for the fall semester were mailed to students on Dec. 2, after a 13-week delay. Forms are usually mailed at the beginning of each semester.

Forms will not be remailed this semester because of the delay. Students can pick up brochures at the Student Health Center or at the AS desk in the Student Union.

Student loan pay-back sought

Continued from Page 1

can deny an NDSL loan to is someone unwilling to repay it. How can you tell that in advance?"

Frank Tarquinio, associate director of financial aid, said that 46 percent is not unusually high for a school in a transient area like San Francisco.

"Community colleges may have a 70-80 percent rate," he said.

"Sometimes we get people who make deliberate decisions not to pay," Tarquinio said. "They say, 'Screw SF State. I can't find a job anyhow.' My speculation is that this attitude developed during the late '60's. A large portion of our delinquent accounts are six years old which corresponds to that period of time."

"One of our greatest problems is that we don't know where our borrowers are," Roath said. "We don't know where to send the bill. We have 1,740 lost borrowers right now."

NDSL has always used private collection agencies to find delinquent borrowers. In San Francisco the agencies are National Account Systems, Diversified Collection Systems and Financial Collection Agency, Tarquino said.

FISL, however, has never used collection agencies until now.

Originally, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano Jr. planned to use private collection agencies to assist every HEW regional office.

Last week, however, he said that "concern for the privacy and civil rights of student borrowers has slowed the department's plan."

Instead, he announced private agencies will be used "on an experimental basis in two regions."

These are Region Nine (California, Nevada, Arizona, Hawaii and the Pacific basin) and Region Four (Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina).

"This is all part of an overall effort to curb fraud and abuse across the board in HEW programs," said Charles Banks, an information officer in San Francisco's HEW office.

A crackdown on fraudulent welfare cases has been publicized recently.

The department has already hit an internal gold mine. In October, HEW sent letters to 316 of its employees demanding that they repay $403,000 in student loans. One of these employees earned more than $35,000 a year and worked in Califano's office, Banks said.

A total of $7.5 million is owed by current federal employees on defaulted government-insured loans, according to Banks.

One collection agency will probably cover all of Region Nine, he said, but it has not been decided yet. Details of the crackdown have not been mapped out, but Banks quoted Califano as saying, "Obviously we're not Scrooges who will go after students who received no education. Defaulters under no circumstances will be harassed."

Inflation has not been the only factor in the national increase in delinquent student loans. In 1970, FISL programs became available to students of community colleges, vocational schools and proprietary schools. This greatly increased the number of borrowers.

Further, Banks said, Congress has never authorized sufficient personnel to find lost borrowers.

"Seven years ago we had only six collectors for the entire country," he said.

Recent publicity has focused on students, particularly law students, who borrow heavily to finance their education, then declare bankruptcy after graduation. This is not as damaging to a person's credit rating as is generally believed, Roath said.

Since Oct. 1, 1977, FISL loan holders cannot name student loans as liabilities in bankruptcy proceedings until repayment has been attempted for at least five years.

"One in 20 of all defaulters was using that loophole," Banks said.

President resigns at San Jose State

by Frank Edson

John H. Bunzel, president of San Jose State University and a former SF State professor, announced his resignation last Friday.

Bunzel, 53, will leave his $54,900-a-year job after eight years as San Jose State's chief administrator.

A teacher at SF State from 1963 until 1970, Bunzel was chairman of the Political Science Department here from 1967 to 1969.

He is accepting a position as a senior research fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institute.

At a press conference at San Jose State last Friday, Bunzel denied reports that he resigned because of pressure from student government leaders and from several faculty members who had insisted there was a lack of communication with Bunzel. They had also criticized Bunzel for not solving parking problems at the campus.

Responding to Bunzel's resignation, SF State President Paul F. Romberg said, "Each of us faces numerous decisions in our careers. Dr. Bunzel is to be congratulated on his new position at the Hoover Institute. This new post is an excellent opportunity."

Meanwhile, Sacramento State University President James G. Bond announced last Friday that he too would resign.

Bond, 55, is the first black president of a major western public university. He said he will leave office on June 30.

The resignations of Bunzel and Bond mean that four of the 19 California State University and Colleges (CSUC) campuses soon will be without permanent presidents.

California State Polytechnic University, Pomona, and San Diego State University are under the leadership of acting presidents.

Last August, San Deigo State lost its president when Brage Golding resigned. The acting president, Trevor Colburn, will leave San Diego State in June.

Hugh O. LaBounty became acting president of Cal Poly Pomona last spring when Robert C. Kramer resigned.

Milton Frank, CSUC director of public affairs, said Tuesday the announcement of new presidents for San Diego State and Cal Poly Pomona could be made as early as March 27 at the next meeting of the CSUC Board of Trustees in Long Beach.

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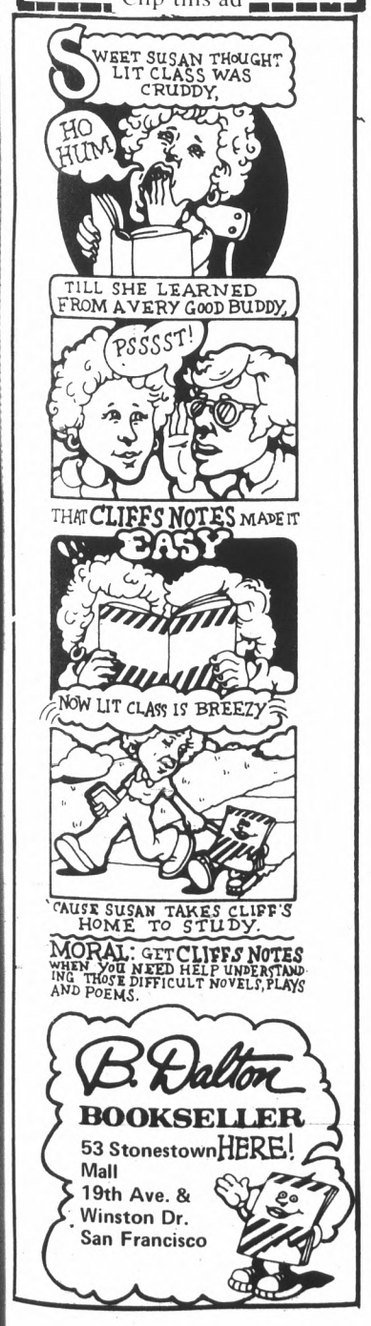
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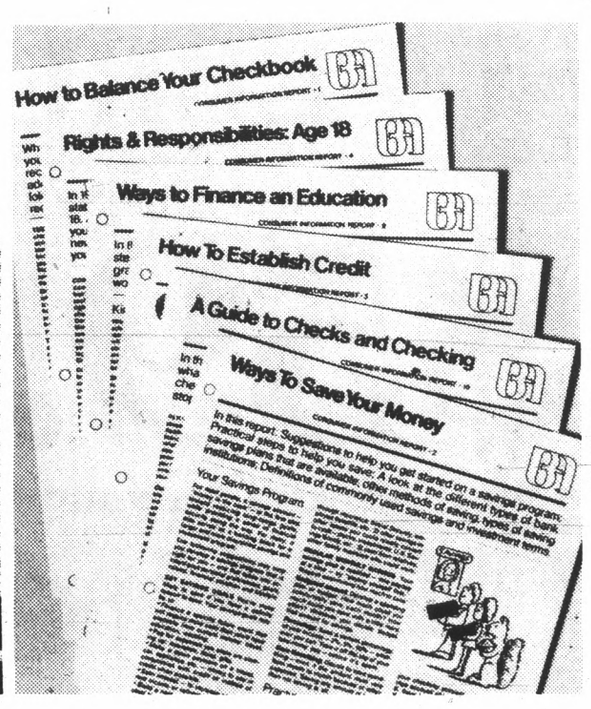
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SPORTS

Drug use in sports

by Jack Bettridge

The quarterback drops back to pass, the pocket crumbles and all at once he gets hit by two massive defensive ends. He's on the ground in agony and it looks like he's crippled, out for the season.

But then the trainers snap into action. They scrape him off the field and take him back to the locker room.

Five minutes later, the same guy you thought would have to wait weeks to take his first gingerly steps is running up and down the sidelines. He is miraculously feeling no pain and is set to play football.

Drug use in sports is no secret anymore. Many stars who overcome a demanding schedule to perform brilliantly game after game get that extra boost from a bottle of uppers.

Interviews with athletes at SF State reveal that drug use is sporadic and non-serious compared to the sophisticated, performance-oriented drug use which is the mark of professional and collegiate scholarship sports.

Jim Bouton, ex-New York Yankee pitcher, in his, *Ball Four*, talked about the use of methamphetamines (stimulants) among professional baseball players. Dave Meggyesy exposed the widespread use of both stimulants and pain-killers in *Out of Their League*, his book about playing football for the St. Louis Cardinals.

Meggyesy traced his use of drugs in sports as far back as high school, when he was injected with novocaine so that he could play in a championship game.

Highly revered sports heroes admitted using drugs. Bill Toomey disclosed that he had trained for his 1968 Gold Medal Olympic Decathlon performance with stimulants and anabolic steroids, a hormonal drugs used in body building.

When Johnny Unitas said that he had been so shot up with pain-killer in the locker room after being injured in Super Bowl V that he couldn't feel anything.

Toomey said that he had tried to quit drugs, but found he had to use them in order to keep up with the competition. Drug use had gone past the point of trying to get an edge on the field to a stage where it became a prerequisite to competition.

In 1971, Houston Ridge of the San Diego Chargers sued the NFL, claiming that he had been forced to take amphetamines, steroids and novocaine by his coaches. Ken Gray of the St. Louis Cardinals later filed a similar suit against his team.

Walter Dyers, the NCAA executive director, started an anti-drug campaign with the slogan, "Get high on sports, not drugs."



The idea was to get youngsters into a sporting program so they wouldn't become involved with drugs. By this time, public skepticism of athletic training practices had become so acute that some critics suggested that turning your kid over to the swim team was like introducing him to a "speed" pusher.

At that time, the drugs involved in the controversy broke down into two basic categories: restorative and additive.

Restorative drugs, the less controversial, included barbiturates, novocaine, cortisone and tranquilizers, designed to allow the player to overcome injury or ailment in order to play.

Their use is often medically justifiable, since it can be therapeutic to relax muscles surrounding an injured limb in order to work it back into shape. For instance, Sandy Koufax received cortisone injections in his arthritic elbow during the last few years of his brilliant pitching career with the Los Angeles Dodgers.

But with restorative drugs an athlete may aggravate his or her injury by playing out a game unable to feel further damage. This is especially true in football where muscles are not only being exercised but battered by the opposing team.

The second category, additive drugs, is more ethically questionable. It includes stimulants, such as methamphetamines and benzedrine, and hormonal steroids. These are drugs which the athlete uses to reach a higher level of performance. The aim here is to get an edge on the competition, as opposed to any therapeutic value sought with restorative drugs.

Methamphetamines tax the body. Continued use drains energy reserves and causes neuroses due to lack of sleep.

Anabolic steroids are considered carcinogenic after continued use. They are especially dangerous to women as they contain male hormonal synthetics. It is believed that Soviet women athletes who refused to take gender tests in the 60s did so because steroids had altered their sexuality.

Aside from the medical dangers such drugs pose, there is the question of unfair advantage for the athlete who is "hopped up on speed" or built up to the proportions of a superman with synthetic hormones. The use of additive drugs tends to force other athletes to use them just to keep up, rather than to overcome injury.

At SF State, most of the drug use by athletes falls into a third category – recreational. While student athletes here admit to the use of drugs from marijuana to methedrine, it is usually done off the playing field. What drug use they have done before competition has been more out of idle curiousity than to improve performances.

Marijuana has been the drug most widely used in competition by SF State athletes. The effects of marijuana on athletic performance have been variously described as both helpful and disorienting.

One football player said that he smoked marijuana or hashish before games to "take the edge off of pre-game jitters and prevent dumb mistakes from being too keyed-up for the game."

A tennis player said he lost important high school matches because he was "too stoned." He said that it made him tired and unable to maintain concentration.

Several athletes said that success on grass depended on their ability to overcome the fear of being found out by the coaches and concentrate on the game.

Perhaps the greatest effect of marijuana on sport teams is that players who smoke tend to socialize with other players who do and non-smokers form another group.

Few of the players interviewed played while drunk.

A tennis player who had played with a hangover described it as "the worst. I needed a joint to play and even then I had a real short temper." He said he was hitting the balls over the fence in frustration.

Next in frequency of use during competition are stimulants ("speed").

Those who play sports with demand more energy output and less coordinated effort were more satisfied with stimulants ("speed") than those who played sports requiring finesse.

A pitcher or basketball player who must pace himself through a game is less likely to benefit from speed than a sprinter or a football lineman, whose job it is to hit hard all the time.

Stimulants also have the effect of "psyching" or building the player's confidence for the game. Players spoke of this as a two-edged sword; on the one hand it helps the athlete face the competition; on the other, it gives false confidence and makes him more prone to violence. Or as Jim Bouton put it, "You think you're really smokin', when you're not."

One football player said, "It sure wrecked the hell out of me comin' down, which led to more alcohol and grass after the game to kill the pain. The price was too high. You get up for the game and then waste two days trying to get normal."

SF State athletes indulge in relatively harmless "skylarking" or experimentation in drug use, such as the ingestion of LSD by one of our football players during a high school game.

His comment: "I couldn't keep my mouthpiece in. I was grinning too much."

ED LIT

On the ropes

People were thrilled to see him whether they paid $100 for a ringside seat or watched him on TV while sipping a 50 cent beer at the corner tavern.

He was the people's champ -- not only with the blue-collars and dirty-collars but with the blue bloods and bloods. The bloods of Fillmo' and all the other similar streets widened their eyes when they saw his face.

He was known all over the world. He went to Asia and did his number. The Thrilla in Manila with the Gorilla.

He went to Africa, to a country that Americans hardly knew. Zaire. People forgot that this country's name was changed. Used to be the Belgian Congo.

He returned from Zaire with something that was once taken from him. The Heavyweight Championship of the World.

Before Africa and Asia, he toured Europe, fighting the contenders or any brave soul that would venture into the ring with him.

He covered a lot of territory. Even in his own country his face popped up everywhere. Sometimes his mouth popped off.

He started in Miami Beach, went up to Maine and later headed west, ending in Las Vegas.

It wasn't even a gamble. The 36-year-old champ fighting an inexperienced 24-year-old. Odds weren't given.

A mismatch. Maybe just a tuneup for his last challenge -- a fight with a real contender.

It was just going to be this one last fight, then one more because the money would be too good to pass up.

And he wanted to show everybody that he could still fly...and sting....And he wanted people to see he was pretty.

He's not pretty now because he was beaten. He doesn't fly and sting anymore.

SPEAK UP

Dear Sports page:

Your pair of hockey stories qualify as sports news, but needed another week of research, at least. L.A. Craig confined him/herself to nostalgia, thus avoiding thorny questions of fact. But I refuse to finish a story that contains the solecism "heart-rendering." The expression is heart-rending, meaning "tearing the heart," not "cooking down the heart for its fat."

Laurie Strand has several things right, several others quite wrong, and a couple I simply disagree with. The wrong things: "spearing" is done with the butt end of the stick, while "tripping" and "interference" are each distinct infractions that should not be referred to indiscriminately as equivalent to other penalty-incurring behavior....As for physical battering on the ice, that's part of the game, just like football, lacrosse and numerous other games...

True it is that hockey requires an active interest on the part of the fan. While the newcomer can grasp essential rules and tactics quickly, there are plenty of fine points that keep an old hand fascinated. And the view from the stands gives you plenty of chances to second-guess or disagree.

Paul K.S. Hartley
Admissions and Records Staff

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Thanks for the comments, Paul. Now we know somebody is reading the sports page. Don't blame L.A. for the mistake. He had heart-rending in the original copy.

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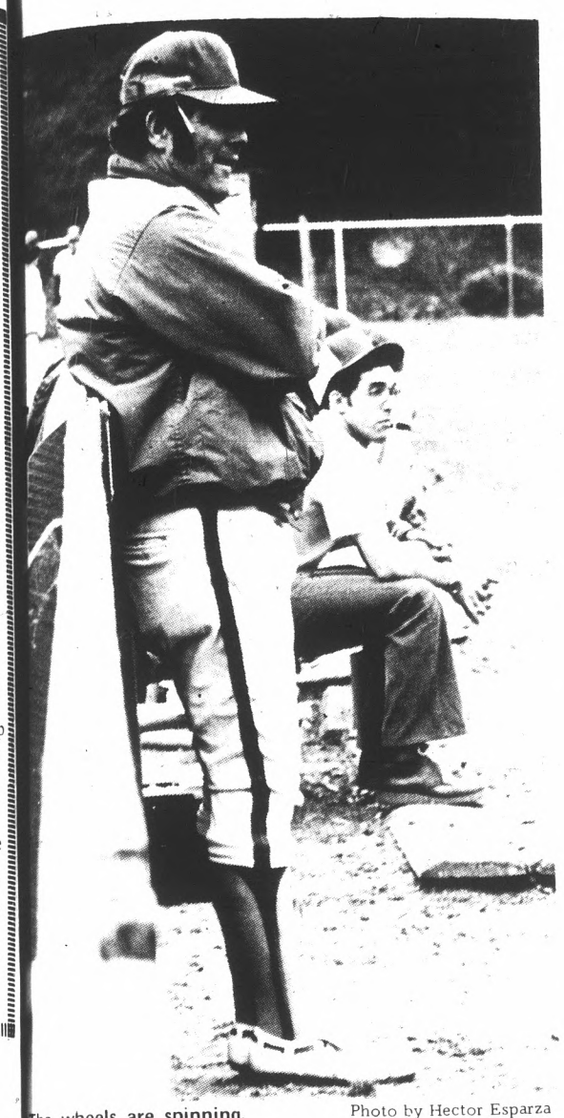
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SF State's baseball boss

Coaching suits Figone

by Maureen Ferris



The wheels are spinning. Photo by Hector Esparza
Al Figone contemplates a move.

Yankee Stadium is a long way off but Manager Billy Martin's influence is felt on the diamond at SF State.

Al Figone, Gators varsity baseball coach for seven seasons, is not an avid fan of Martin's technique, but he is interested in the New York manager's ability to produce winning teams.

Besides his Italian-American background, Figone shares a dedication to hard work and baseball with tough talking, street wise Martin.

Figone's admiration for the championship manager began when Martin was a player.

He didn't have much ability, but through desire and determination, he made it to the major leagues, Figone said.

"When I was a player, I felt like Billy Martin," Figone said. "I was a fairly good athlete, but I had to use my brain."

Figone, 39, is a relaxed man, comfortable in an Adidas warm-up suit. The door to room 102 in the P.E. Building opens many times during an hour with requests for drop cards and advice.

He is a perfectionist, expecting his players to work hard and keep a neat appearance. From January 8 to May 6, the players devote at least 30 hours a week to baseball.

But Figone's first priority is for the team to graduate – then win. Once a month Figone checks with all the player's instructors to see how grades are holding up.

If a player's grades are slipping, he must attend a tutoring session from 7 to 10 p.m. on Thursday evenings.

He believes if a player can improve his overall skill, his attitude will improve.

"Overall attitude to the sport is extremely important here," Figone said. "The players have to have the dedication which will allow them to absorb our baseball system.

"This is why I'm such a fundamentalist in relation to what I teach. I start the season by reviewing and practicing all the basic techniques to make sure everyone has them right."

Figone is staisfied coaching baseball at SF State but regrets turning people away during try-outs.

"The I want the best team so I can win process of coaching, forces us to be hypocrits," Figone said. "We aren't allowed to train those who are not qualified to play but want to.

"The ones that need athletics the most are the ones that are turned away. I always make sure they're referred to a recreational team.

"At the beginning of the season 35 to 40 people will try-out, 25 of which I've recruited personally. That leaves only 2 or 3 spaces to be filled. The reason for such a small team is economic."

When asked why he likes baseball, Figone shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know, all I know is that I've always liked it."

Four months out of the year he coaches and teaches baseball. During the other eight months, Figone enjoys reading books, especially ones about human behavior.

Currently he is working on a book about defensive baseball.

Al Figone has devoted almost his entire life to baseball but said with a smile: "I'm not a slave to baseball, though I like being where I am . . ."

Warriors hopping with Dudley

by Michael Habeeb

One factor has remained constant during the up and down Golden State Warriors' season – the play of guard Charles Dudley.

During a game, "Hopper," as Dudley is known, becomes flypaper on defense, generously hands out assists, occasionally sinks a hoop, and pulls down rebounds.

That all sounds like conventional basketball, but Dudley is no ordinary player. He dives for loose balls. He uses his hands, legs and body to stop an opposing player.

When a defender leasts expects it, "Hopper" streaks by and lays the ball softly against the backboard for two points. Unfortunately, outside of a lay-in, Dudley has no other shot; this is quite unusual for a guard in the National Basketball Association.

On a fast break, he dribbles at full speed, stops as he gets caught in his intensity, hangs in mid-air, and descending, wraps a pass around his defender to a team mate. Result: two points – Warriors.

This type of movement gets Dudley an average of six assists and points a game. If the Warriors win, fine. This season, however, the team has lost more than they have won, regardless of "Hopper's" steady performance.

So perhaps the Warriors need more than an unconventional guard to help create a division contender?

The team management has thought that way. Dudley was selected fifth in the 1972 draft, but failed to make the team twice. Finally, in 1974, he became part of the Warriors.

Since, Dudley's perseverance and hustle have impressed Warriors coach Al Attles and the Golden State fans.

In a recent game against the Los Angeles Lakers, the 6-2 guard scored eight points, had eight assists and five rebounds.

In the first quarter, he broke up a pass with his foot. On offense, he challenged Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the Laker's seven foot center, and was fouled. The crowd responded.

"Way to be, Hop, way to be."

In the second quarter, Dudley stopped an opposing player with his body, drew an offensive foul, and landed bottoms-down on the hardwood. Back on offense, with an amazing lack of grace, he turned from about 15 feet and cast-off a flat shot which frailly fell off the rim. Dudley shot a little out of his range – about 14 feet out.

The second half was uneventful for Dudley and bored the fans both at the game and across the country (the game was nationally televised).

Rick Barry and Phil Smith shot a combined 38 percent from the field. Horrendous. Barry and Smith are the Warriors' stalwarts, leaders, toast and jam, whatever you want to call the guys who win games for you. When they are off, the team is off.

Guys like Dudley only help you win games, and it is unlikely that they will carry a team to a play-off berth. Thus, although "Hopper" played his usual game, the Warriors lost 115-93.

It is disheartening but not unusual that amidst the confusion of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde team, an unconventional player will rise to the top as the most consistent and lead.

So it goes. During the Laker game, Dudley was at the top of the key giving directions.

The Warriors are cleaning out the cellar in their division. They are in search of a winning formula. Dudley provides help. But that's all.

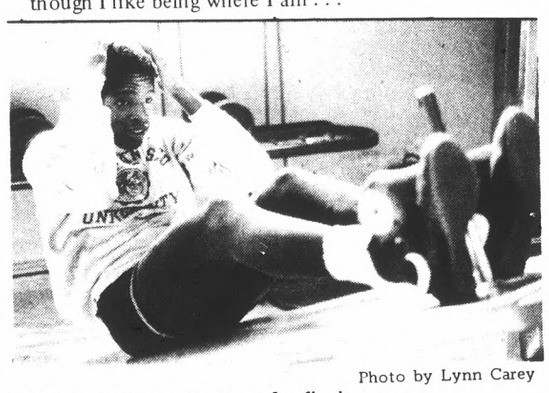


Photo by Lynn Carey
Kevin Newsome warms up for finals.

Gator wrestles title

by Michael Torcellini

A tall and thin freshman, with a few characteristics of an athlete, stood out in the crowd of muscular wrestlers surrounding him.

He was Kevin Newsome of the SF State wrestling team, and he placed first in the 150-pound division of the 19th Far Western Conference Championship. He was also the most outstanding wrestler of the entire tournament.

The conference championship held at U.C. Davis, last Saturday, was the stepping stone for wrestlers to qualify for the NCAA Division II Championship on March 4-5, at the University of N. Iowa in Cedar Falls.

Although the Gators took only a third place in the conference, Newsome was chosen as the best wrestler in the league over wrestlers from both Humboldt State and Cal State Chico.

"To my knowledge, and I've been around the league since 1959, there has been only one wrestler other than Kevin to ever win the award as a freshman," said Allen Abraham, SF State wrestling coach.

The Gator grapplers took four second place ribbons.

Going into last week's meet, "I seriously thought we had a potential of six champions," Abrahams said. "But we ended up placing five in the finals."

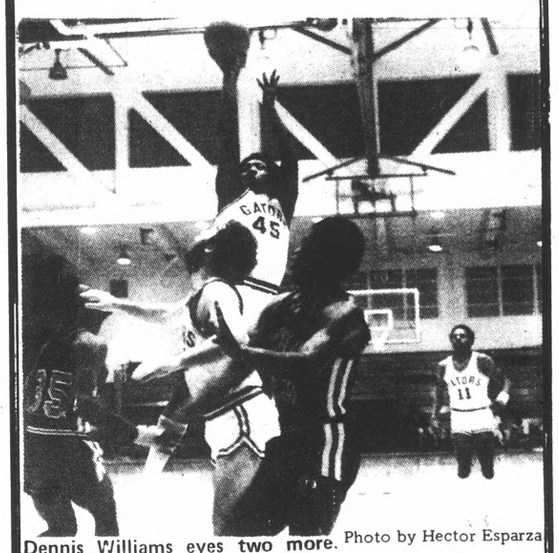
John Monolakis (126 lbs.) and Newsome went to the finals with Scott Osterhold (177 lbs.), John Sha (134 lbs.) and Vince Belser (190 lbs.) .

"We were a young team this year. We didn't have much depth, and we had some holes in our line-up," he said. "But it wasn't bad as I look back on it now. We started winning early in the season, which was reflective of our early season conditioning and the caliber of the teams we played."

The wrestlers ended the season with an 8-8-1 record.

ROUNDUP

MEN'S BASKETBALL – **Coach Lyle Damon** is a shoo-in for Far Western Conference coach of the year . . . The Gators have reversed their disappointing record of last year (5-22 overall, 3-9 conference) under Damon . . . **After Tuesday night's victory against Cal State Hayward (89-81) this year's team is in contention for the FWC crown** . . . Its record is now 6-4 conference and 13-12 overall . . . **Dennis and Orlando Williams** continued their hot scoring against Hayard. Dennis scored 26 and "0" chipped in 25 . . . **"0" now is 14th on the SF State career scoring list**. He has 866 points for his two years here . . . **Dennis has 501 points for this season which places him eighth on the single season scoring charts.**



Dennis Williams eyes two more. Photo by Hector Esparza

The victory Tuesday was a team effort. **Center Dave Thoni** was intimidating in the middle, swatting away numerous of the opponents' shots. **Jim Hynes**, a super passer, kept his usual cool to help break the Pioneer press. The California Cutie showed a lot of guts staying in the game after receiving a cut over his eye. **Jim Amico** was at his best dribbling through the Hayward defense. **Robby Midzuno, Eric Wollman and Kennie Carter** came off the bench to help.

This weekend will determine the FWC race for the top spot...Tomorrow the Gators travel to Turlock, facing Cal State Stanislaus; Saturday they go to Cal State Sacramento...Both games start at 8 p.m.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL -- Tonight, the Gators travel to UC Davis to play the Golden State Conference first place team...Tip-off is at 6:30 p.m.

Earlier this season SF State lost to the Aggies, 60-59 "We played poorly against them (UC Davis) the first time and we lost by only one point," said coach Gooch Foster...After last Friday's overwhelming 75-56 win over Humboldt State the Gators seem more than ready to take on Davis..."I thought we played better against Humboldt than we have in the last few games," said Foster. "The team is really up for this game."

UC Davis is currently 7-1 and SF State is 7-2. Only the winner of the GSC is assured of a spot in the Regional Tournament.

After tonight's contest only three games remain. Tomorrow at Nevada-Reno; March 1 at Sacramento State and March 3 here versus Nevada-LasVegas.

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ARTS

Film Views

American pop ...

by David Ruiz del Vizo, Jr.

Bob Dylan is back in the public's eye after a two-year absence in his new film, *Renaldo and Clara*.

Though the singer-songwriter has been regarded as the prime spokesman for the youth of the 60s, what the message of this four-hour film which he wrote, directed and stars in is not clear.

Renaldo and Clara is Dylan's first attempt at filmmaking. It contains elements of a concert documentary, yet it includes fictional characters. It is difficult to categorize the movie, although the documentary aspect carries the most weight.

Dylan hired a playwright for dialogue but ended up improvising. His co-stars were assigned roles but also play themselves. Allen Ginsberg's role is labeled "the father" but he is introduced at a night club as Allen Ginsberg. Ramblin' Jack Elliot, a longtime friend of Dylan, plays Longheno de Castro but is just Jack Elliot as he performs in concert.

Dylan plays Renaldo with his ex-wife Sarah as Clara. Nevertheless they come across as just themselves throughout the film.

Renaldo and Clara was filmed during the 1975-76 Rolling Thunder Revue -- a Dylan concert tour which included Joan Baez, Ronnie Blakely, Jim McGuinn and others. Over one-third of the film is concert footage, shot with four cameras at once.

The concert scenes are the main incentive for going to see the movie. In four-track stereo, the music is superb. It is probably the next best thing to watching Dylan perform live.

The sound in the rest of the movie is muffled in some parts and there is some distracting background noise making it difficult to follow the dialogue.

While Dylan did not intend to make a documentary, that is what he did. Dylan wanted the dramatic sequences to be an important part of the film, but around the second hour one gives up trying to make sense of the dialogue. It's a concert movie with some third-rate acting interspersed.

The movie seems to focus on Renaldo's degrading relationship with his wife Clara. As a famous performer, he is plagued with problems of jealousy, alcohol and drugs.

There is a lot of partying going on between sets, with the characters doing some impromptu acting to kill time before rehearsals.

The film cuts to straight documentary scenes when Dylan visits Jack Kerouac's grave in Lowell, Mass., with Ginsberg, and when he goes to a New York meeting of CBS Records executives.

David Blue, another Dylan friend, is filmed playing pinball near a swimming pool as he recalls his acquaintance with Dylan in the early 60s. Curiously, Blue looks remarkably like the early Dylan, with sunglasses and toussled hair.

None of the sequences are logically connected to one another. From the interview with Blue, the film jumps to a poetry reading with Ginsberg, to another concert bit, to an Indian pow-wow and then back to Blue.

The movie is as self-indulgent as some of Dylan's works in the mid-60s, which included his autobiography *Tarantula* and such songs as "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Desolation Row."

Bob Dylan arrived in New York City's Greenwich Village in 1961 as a scruffy 20-year-old with a Huck Finn cap, a jacket too small for his size, and a guitar. He was penniless, had no place to stay, and couldn't get a gig.

Now he has made a large personal financial investment in *Renaldo and Clara*, Dylan is not concerned with who likes his work and who doesn't. His success doesn't depend on it.

It would make sense to label *Renaldo and Clara* the masterpiece Dylan long wanted to do and which he hints about in his song "When I Paint My Masterpiece," which opens the movie. With more than two years of production involved, what else could it be?

If you must see *Renaldo and Clara*, be advised (again) that the concert scenes are the most rewarding aspects of it. Don't dwell on the dialogue.



Bob Dylan, troubadour of the counterculture.

... and French provincial

by Miriam Kaminsky

Legs.
Silk stockinged, high heeled, quick paced and finely shaped.

A bystander turns round to look at the deluge of legs striding to the cemetery. His mouth falls open in shock and amazement.

The man is Francois Truffaut and he is guiding the audience response to his movie, *The Man Who Loved Women.*

The flock of women have come to bury Bertrand, who loved and died chasing them.

Certainly my feminist feathers were ruffled watching the flashback as Bertrand frantically pursues a pair of anonymous legs, and I, as a viewer, was forced to join in the chase.

But before my vague dislike for the character could turn to disgust, Truffaut deftly peels Bertrand's wolfish skin and exposes a sensitive character who is the victim of his own uncontrollable needs.

"It's hard to refuse you anyanything," one befriended blonde says to Bertrand. "There's something so urgent in the way you ask, as if your life depended on it."

Yet Bertrand himself is a plain, unobtrusive man, who thinks playboys are silly and pathetic.

Although we watch him diligently chasing one woman after another it is clear Bertrand is not concerned with conquering for the sake of ego.

Bertrand is a skirt chasing artist. He walks the busy streets intently ready to dance to the music of each magnetic woman that passes. He tries to imagine the mystery of their lives, the color, taste, and smell of their world.

"Why are the women I don't know always infinitely more attractive than those I do know?" Bertrand asks as he writes the story of his life.

"Because they are unknown."

It's hard to dislike a character who is so acutely aware of his own absurdity.

Truffaut does not see Bertrand as sick or crazy. He is merely alive and full of contradictions, absurdities and inconsistencies.

Hunting for prey in a department store, Bertrand cautiously keeps a woman in his sights. Rather than pounce, he waits for the opportunity to introduce himself with finesse.

As he readily admits, luck always intervenes. The woman puts an ad on a bulletin board saying she is available for baby-sitting.

The baby-sitter arrives at Bertrand's house, and he nervously lets her in. While he fixes her a drink, the baby-sitter searches for a baby, and, finding only a doll in Bertrand's bed, demands angrily "Where's the baby?" "

"The baby?" says Bertrand meekly. "I'm the baby."

Bertrand has an insatiable need for love. In his continuing panic he believes physical acceptance by a woman to mean she is willing to care for him emotionally. Bertrand needs approval again and again.

Truffaut embraces Bertrand and celebrates the whole hodge-podge of life.

INTERMISSION

Teenage novelist

by Robert Rubino

He talked guardedly about himself and easily about the novel he published last year when he was 19 years old.

He smoked casually and drank the rich, strong French Roast coffee at Ecumenical House on Holloway.

James Brown's novel, *Going Fast*, is a raw, vivid view of growing up on the poor side of town in the Bay Area of the 1970's.

Its two main characters are teenage misfits. Virg, a loner bored and frustrated, is temporarily relieved of those ailments when he teams with the kinetic JT. JT is a fierce, choleric renegade spirit whose idea of a good time is stealing tombstones, dealing drugs and promoting bloody, sadistic dog fights.

That's the way JT was: he had to build up to everything before he got to the good parts. He told me how Manuel said the pitbulls were trained. Tie 'em to a stake, he said, in the sun with two feet of chain and no water, then get some little brats to throw rocks and tease the bastard. In the evening untie him, put a four foot choker tight on his neck, get on a bicycle and run the mongrel ten miles or till he falls, but when he falls -- this is the part JT got excited telling -- keep dragging him on the concrete for a few hundred yards.

Brown, an SF State creative writing major from San Jose, isn't exactly enamored with academia.

"It's the old saying about it being impossible to teach people how to write," he said. "The late Herbert Wilner was an instructor here who gave me a lot of constructive criticism and encouragement. I'm sorry he didn't live to see my novel in print.

"But for the most part, the faculty here is old and very set in their ways. I don't think many of them are really working writers. I'd like to get more exposure to new, young writers."

Brown added that he needs school so he can live off his grant and scholarship money.

Despite moderate sales, Brown is still waiting for his first royalty check from *Going Fast*.

He declined to talk about his second novel which he's working on from 8 to noon, five days a week. Nor would he elaborate on the ulcer he's developed.

Going Fast was published by Border Mountain Press, a small outfit in Benson, Arizona. "Sure, it bothers me when people put down the book because it's not a best seller and it's not from a New York publisher," Brown said. "But getting published is the main thing right now. There's always the chance a larger publishing house will buy it. Besides, my experience with a small press has been all right. I feel they care about encouraging unknowns."

Now you would think this is a young man full of spunk and vinegar, a published novelist at 19 with all the confidence in the world. Not so. Brown readily admits to bouts of depression, the infamous writer's block, and an occasional fear of failing.

An introspective passage from Virg in *Going Fast* could easily be an autobiographical lament:

There's been a lot of times when I've feared I might become a bum ... Those thoughts scare me, and every time I get them I push them out of my head as best I can. I tell myself I'm not a bum, and that I'm just going through a phase right now, that's all. But sometimes that doesn't work.

Brown first published a short story at 16 in a small literary magazine called *Samisdat*. At the time, he was competing as a wrestler for Willow Glen High School in San Jose.

"I've always enjoyed one-on-one competition," Brown said. "I never liked team sports."

Handsome and powerful looking with muscular forearms and thick shoulders, Brown talked about some remedies for writer's block.

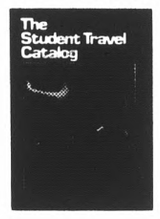
"First of all, doubting your confidence doesn't have to be a terrible experience, as long as it doesn't get out of hand," he said. "Sometimes a little self-doubt can sharpen your critical faculties and make you a better writer. Reading helps, too. Ideas can spring from other writers' works."

Most of *Going Fast* is rich with contemparary narrative and the two main characters become flesh and blood in black and white. The novel's flaws lie in an unlikely ending, and periodic passages of self indulgent philosophizing.

A few years ago, Brown's father told him "you'll grow out of it," referring to his son's writing ambitions.

On the contrary, it appears James Brown has grown into it. He's a published, serious, working novelist – and still short of his 21st birthday.

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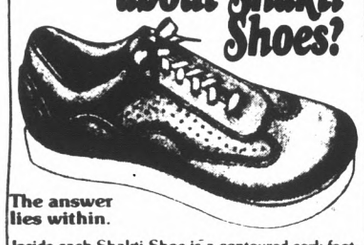


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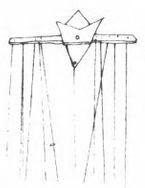


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Fri.: "We All Loved": 6:00, 10:50/"Boccaccio": 8:15 ONLY
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Creative Campus

a weekly calendar of events

Brown Bag Theatre will present Ionesco's *The Chairs*, **Tuesday, Feb. 28 through Friday March 3, in CA 102.** Admission is free.

Cinematheque will screen **Federico Fellini's** *8½*, **Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. at McKenna Theatre.**

The **SF State Playwrights Production Workshop** offers a double bill on **Saturday Feb. 25 at 10 a.m. in CA 102.** *Egg and Sperm Romance* by **Lyle Taylor** and *It's About Time to Care* by **Celeste White** will be featured.

A special children's version of the **Shakespeare** classic, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, will be offered **Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25 and 26, at noon and at 2 p.m. in the Arena Theatre, CA 104.** Adapted by William "Bo" Westerfield, director of the Children's Repertory Theatre and assistant professor of Theatre Arts, with original music by Don Stitt.

Tickets are $3; half-price for children. For information and reservations, call the Creative Arts Box Office at 585-7174, noon-4 p.m. weekdays.

The **Theater Arts Showcase** series opens **Tuesday, Feb. 28 at 1 p.m.** with the production of **Harold Pinter's** *The Collection*, directed by David Sanford, in the **Arena Theater, CA 104.**

Today at the Union Depot, Signals – a jazz group, will perform at 1:30 p.m. **Tuesday** from **5-7 p.m.** the folkk group **Circle** will be featured. Admission is free.

The Showcase program provides an opportunity for students in acting and directing to produce their own season of plays, and provides the campus community with a wide range of entertaining free theater, from the traditional to the experimental.

Each week, a new production will be presented on Tuesday and Thursday at 1 p.m., through May 18. Performances end by 2 p.m.

This semester, 12 plays will be presented, including works by some of the most important and innovative modern playwrights, including Pinter, Samuel Beckett, Joe Orton, and Lanford Wilson.

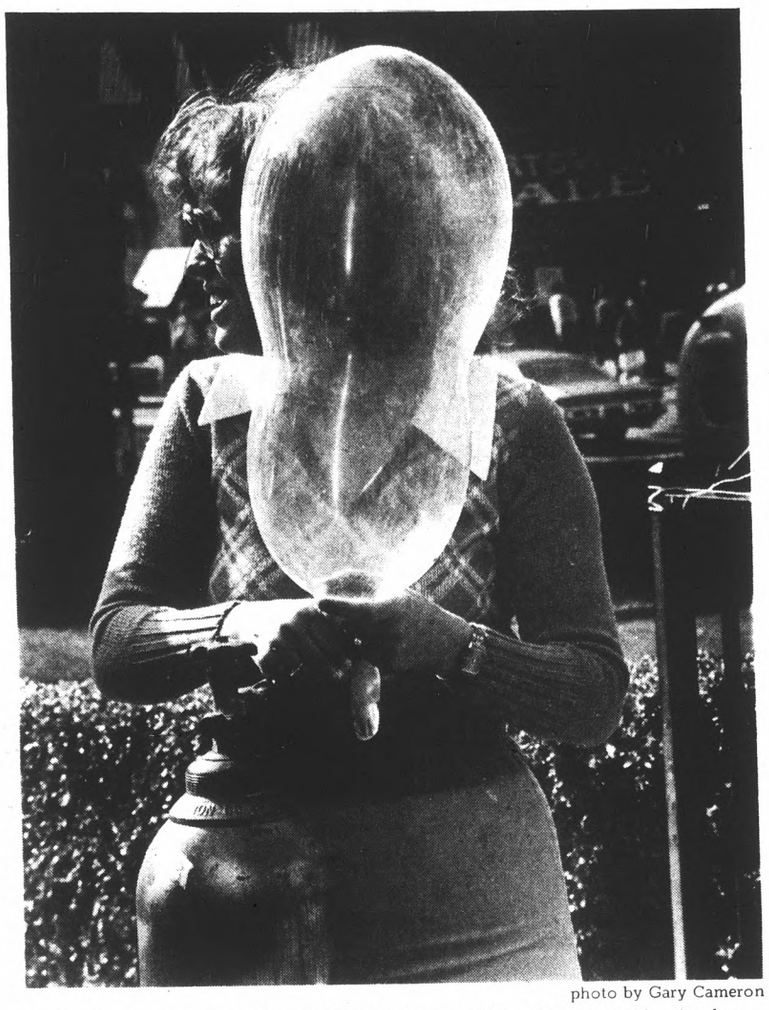


photo by Gary Cameron

Kathy Kudzia enjoyed National Condom Day at Union Square on Monday by inflating symbolic "balloons".

Anti-fertility rites at Union Square

by Lisa Smith

It was Washington's Birthday and the regulars sat around the square, awaiting the celebration.

The old ones passed around a brown paper bag, taking covert sips from the hidden bourbon bottle. Younger loafers strolled about in small groups, hands in pockets, fingering hidden joints.

A 260-foot free-form sculpture of helium-filled objects overlooked the bandstand, which was done in patriotic red, white and blue.

Cardtables and small displays were set up, manned by volunteers passing out pamphlets and freebies, but this was no commemoration for the father of our country.

It was National Condom Day.

The sculpture was 300 inflated rubbers and the volunteers handed out literature on birth control and venereal disease. Prophylactics of every design and color were distributed like Halloween candy to the shy and hesitant, to male and female. Recipients made a show of boldness, plunging their hands into the piles with a careless air.

Appropriately held in San Francisco's Union Square, the event was the culmination of the First National Condom Week, Valentine's Day to February 21.

Sponsored by the Population Institute of San Francisco and Pharmacists Planning Services, Inc., of Sausalito, the idea was to promote "condom consciousness" – the condom as effective birth control and a shield against VD.

The Imaginary Band provided rillicking entertainment in a late 60s vein as celebrants cast off their inhibitions and kicked up their heels. A Camp Fire Girl selling candy placidly watched the wild saturnalia as badge-toting conventioneers from a nearby hotel joined in the festivities.

One of them, a portly gentleman in conservative attire, examined literature and pocketed a few pros with apparent *savoir-faire*.

A bespectled woman with a Lady Bird Johnson hairdo enjoyed the music, unwinding enough to smile and clap quietly.

The smell of marijuana filled the air as folks lit up and laid back.

"Let's go get stoned," sang the band and the words were greeted with cheers, Children were running all over the place, oblivious to the significance of the event.

A man held up his tiny son to touch the pretty "balloons".

The musicians stopped abruptly to await the climax of the day. Winners of a "Condom Couplet" contest were to be announced.

Unfortunately, the panel of celebrity judges couldn't make it so ten vulgar verses were submitted to audience judgement. Applause and groans affirmed the unofficial winner:

"From using a condom, you will learn.
No deposit means no return."

A t-shirt vendor's baby-blue creation emphasized her ample bosom, which distorted the barely-legible message: "Would you be more careful if it were you that got pregnant?" A cartoon of a crestfallen male with protruding abdomen accompanied the lines.

Other colorful couplets such as, "Don't give a dose to the one you love most" and "Love ain't free, you pay with VD" were immortalized on the campy garb.

An ancient, heavily wrinkled woman, smiling beautifically, meandered through the heathen crowd, her soiled and tattered Bible tucked safely under one arm.

On the corner of Post and Powell, a loud-voiced, red-faced man preached hellfire and damnation with the determination of a carnival barker. No one listened.

"Are you a Christian?" queried a Rasputin-like character bearing broken bread and a bottle of grape juice. His gracious offer of communion to a bearded, jovial observer was answered with a stare.

"Gimme an 'F,'" shouted the band, "gimme a 'U' . . ." They sounded off the old Woodstock cheer.

"Whaddya do it with?" they demanded.

"CONDOMS!" screamed the spectators triumphantly.

The towering helium sculpture couldn't keep it up. Deflating rubbers wafted down to earth to be caught and torn apart by the crowd. A grizzly-faced fellow with a gray ponytail caught two of them and danced over to a young, female photographer.

"Hey, good-lookin' what ya got cookin'?" he propositioned.

The day came to an exhausted close. Though sheathed in lusty vernacular and bawdy ballads, the message got through to one young man.

He listened avidly as a reporter interviewed an information and education specialist from the San Francisco City Clinic.

"Where did you say that was?" he asked with a tinge of anxiety.

He was given the address with a smile.

He said gratefully, "Thanks. Thank you."

Book review

SF State grad mixes writing and welding

by Kate Campell

Conversations, Working Women talk about doing a "man's job." Edited by Terry Wetherby. Les Femmes; 269 pp.; $4.95.

Race car driver, Army chaplain, truck driver on the Alaskan pipeline, chief of police – these are jobs that women generally haven't been allowed to hold. In *Conversations* each of the women that do hold these jobs tell what it is like to be the only woman working with a large group of men.

The women interviewed don't consider the jobs they do "men's jobs".

Marcia Carsey, ABC television vice-president said, "Just work and do! I think the worst thing you can possibly do is program yourself into thinking it's difficult."

Nancy Kaye Andersen, a meat cutter for Alpha-Beta said, "I never really say to myself, 'Gee, I'm doing something that very few women are doing.' I never really think of it that way."

Editor Terry Wetherby points out in the introduction that the "common denominators (for the women) are a strong self-image and hard work." She says that "career options of adult women in the United States are sorely restricted... and few tradition-breaking female role-models are to be found."

Conversations is one remedy for the problem.

Wetherby is a graduate of SF State's masters program in creative writing and is an author, poet and welder. She is now working in Anchorage, Alaska. She learned the welding trade at a public technical school in San Francisco and is a member of Boilermakers Union Local 6.

The book is prefaced with the usual feminist rhetoric that, though tired, needs to be repeated constantly until people live and work in equality.

Conversations would make an excellent text for a high school sociology class because it broadens the roles of women and provides useful job details. It gives women more possibilities. The women interviewed do not present themselves as Amazons but as real and pleasantly ordinary people.

Wetherby expresses gratitude to Studs Turkel for his best seller, *Working*, and then proceeds to do a better job than he did.

Her interviews are interesting and capture a sense of the women's personalities. But they are lengthy in places and Wetherby is occasionally too present in the conversations.

Conversations, published by Les Femmes, the Millbrae, Calif. publishing company that specializes in books by, for and about women, is a quality bound paperback but the cover is dull and the typewriter lettering makes the cover too cluttered. It lacks the slickness necessary to compete on the shelves with Madison Avenue best sellers. On the other hand, this might be a selling point.

The book is more than job descriptions – it captures the authentic language and feelings of the women as they discuss opportunity, identity, ability, discrimination and hard work.

In *Conversations* you can really hear women talking and most of it is a pleasure.

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BACKWORDS

Dark secrets of Verducci Hall

by Chuck E. Burwell II

Like driving the streets of San Francisco, living in the dorms at SF State is an art that very few people are qualified to practice with elan.

Verducci Hall, on the west side of campus, is an unconventional dorm. To non-residents, it is little more than a yellow, gray and white monolith rising from the tennis courts. From it streams an unending torrent of crosswalking people, paper airplanes, and bouncing, jouncing joggers.

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Twelfth-floor residents quickly learn how to prevent doors from locking by stuffing locks with of wads of tissue; how to hook up four telephones into an existing single line, and how to make paper airplanes which fly directly to the window on the floor below, carrying messages tucked inside their wings.

Residents also learn to make the best of a group living situation abhorrent to many people and leaves little time for privacy.

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Photo by Hector Esparza

Frisbee champ John Kimball practices in dorm hall.

dormies are thoroughly hung over, garbage trucks will always wake residents with their windows open.

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Signs on the backboard ask players not to use the courts before 10 am; when early players appear, water balloons are heaved out the window.

Depending on who gets up first, the next sound will either be John Anderson on my right warbling "Long Distance Runaround" on a stereo or Steve Walsh and Kerry Livgren on my left screeching "Question of My Childhood."

The two men in the room on the right share the same bathroom as myself and my roommate. This is supposed to make up for the smaller size of our rooms, as compared to the somewhat larger double rooms in Merced or Mary Ward halls. In a way, it does.

A stranger in the hall, walking into our bathroom, would think he had been transported Spock-like to the kitchens of the International House of Pancakes. Making meals in the dorms is forbidden, but our giant-size griddle can handle a couple of omelettes, with a row of sausages alongside.

We also have a small refrigerator, which is allowed, but the bathroom next to ours has a full-size refrigerator, which is not allowed. The refrigerator takes up all available space in the bathroom, which is why ours is so busy.

There is an unfrequented kitchen on Verducci's third floor. The only thing the kitchen has that we don't is a stainless steel sink. Microwave ovens, coffeemakers of every conceivable design, blenders, toaster ovens, one-, two- and four-pan hot plates, burger cookers, yogurt makers, food processors . . . it is doubtful that any cookware department is better equipped than the 12th floors' bathrooms.

After breakfast a little exercise is in order. Time to throw a little Frizz. One favorite trick is to try and tag hallmates as they dash from their room into the bathroom. The large lounge also offers an opportunity for playing, and a racquetball game starts up there.

Among the 40 or so of us that are good friends, we have all it takes to carry along a carefree existence in our 12th floor penthouse. We possess everything, and if one of us does not have what is needed, then several of us collectively do.

There is even a newspaper on the floor, the *Twelfth Floor Enquirer*. In some way it touches and occasionally mangles each person's life on the floor. All in fun, of course.

Want a drink? The "Swamp," a bar on the 14th floor, disappeared some time ago, but there are still rooms where one can stop by for an abbreviated happy hour. Residents make it a matter of habit to have ingredients on hand for a variety of libations.

In our 12th floor drugstore, the druggist changes but the goods are always the same. Mushrooms, hemp, nitrous oxide . . . whatever gets you off can be had. The majority of the floor opts for the simple pleasures of marijuana, but even this old favorite comes in a variety of strengths.

There are those who have never inhaled anything stronger than Hunt's Hickory BBQ Smoke, and yet they are as much a part of us as anyone.

The dorm lounges are large, comfortable airy rooms boasting low tables, large woodframe chairs and long couches which sag in the middle. From an outside balcony can be seen the ocean, the weather to come, and on a clear day, the Farallone Islands.

A similar balcony on the other side offers a view of Mount Davidson, the weather that has passed, and the Student Union.

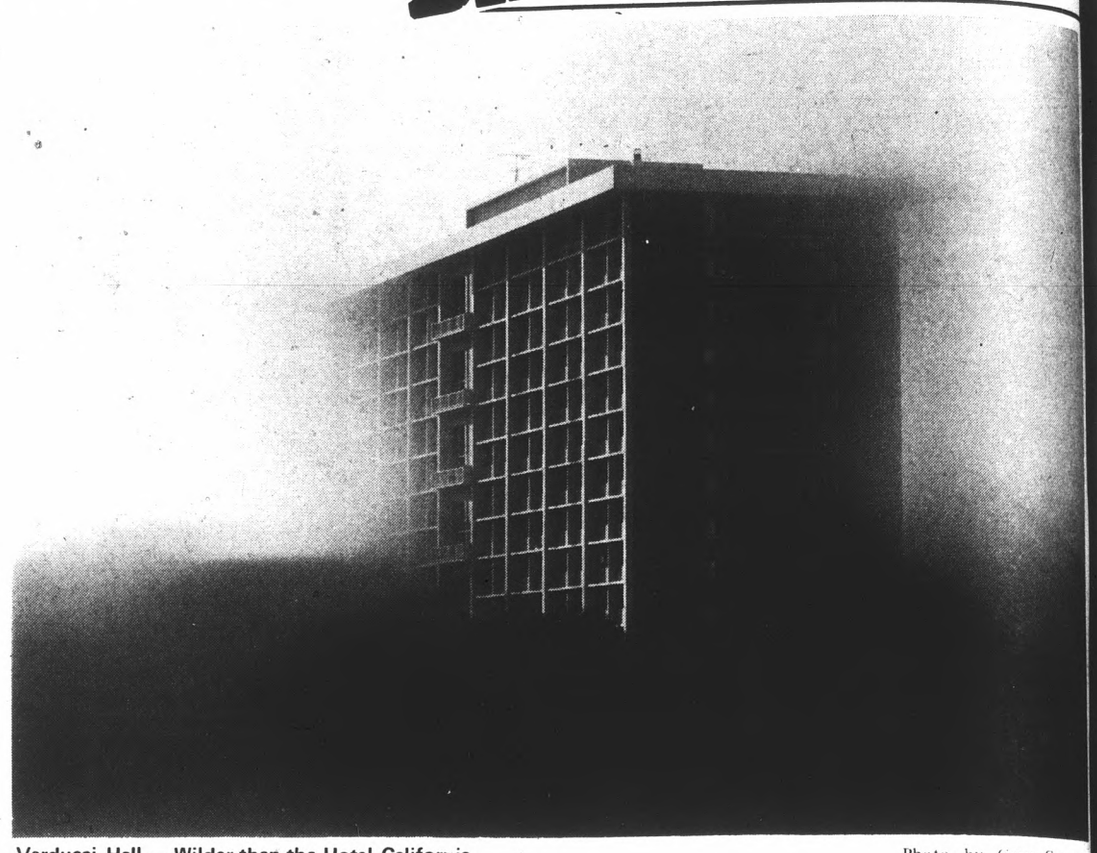
In the morning, the cityside lounge is filled with sunshine and sun worshippers who bask in the golden rays or do intense studying.

A pot of freshly-made French roast coffee is bubbling by this time, and we share cups and spoons until everyone has had at least one aromatic cupful. Some doors along one side of the hall are open, and music from radios all tuned to the same station spills from most of them.

As with nearly all families, this is the time of day when we are likely to be following our own pursuits outside the dorm. In small groups and singly, we drift apart.

* * *

Dinnertime arrives stealthily. The Dining Center ("DC" to the dormies) opens it's doors at 4:30 and slowly fills. We are here because one bathroom-cooked meal per day is enough. We believe that the DC's food causes gastronomic disturbances in even the flies that



Verducci Hall — Wilder than the Hotel California.

Photo by Gary Cameron

eat it, and that the whole kitchen's labors should be donated to the Black Flag company.

The DC has its moments: when the hamburgers cannot be used as drain plugs, the meat sauce does not make good caulking compound, and the macaroni and cheese does not substitute for wheel bearing grease.

Word is passed among a chosen few that there will be a party on the 10th floor. A Daquiri party, no less. Dorm parties are much more sophisticated than they are

"The day begins with the clanking of garbage trucks..."

made out to be, especially if you happen to live on a floor where the people know how to do these things *right*.

A phenomenon inherent in our community is the curious quiet hour after dinner during which even the rowdiest member of our family is known to keep his mouth shut. It is acutally possible to meditate in the lounge for 30 minutes in cathedral silence.

In the lounge on the Lake Merced side of the building, the sun drops down into a fiery bed of horizontally stretched clouds, and the striking silhouette of a flying man in a hanglider is imprinted in black upon a rose-colored sky.

The breeze which lifted him rushes against the face of the building and slithers through the slightly open sliding glass door. It finally touches the face of a female resident, eyes closed, sitting cross-legged on a chair, deep within herself.

Then from down the hall, Jimmy Page screams that he's dazed and confused – nighttime in Verducci has begun.

Getting ready for the party is almost as energizing a going to the affair itself. A bottle of cream sherry make its way down the hall and is soon replaced with some thing from someone with better taste.

A waterpipe pops up, and my next-door neighbo comes up with some weed. Being the middleman, graciously accept both.

The party is given by a lady who is the unoffici social director of the 10th floor. Her walls are papere with cutouts from *Playgirl* and *Cosmopolitan*. Peop spill out of the room into the hall (forbidden because w are not supposed to be drinking liquor in the corridors

There is no end to the drinks, and in short orde everyone is incomprehensible, sitting and standing in th halls or trying to dance to the music of John Klemme

Someone gets the bright idea of playing tag with Frisbee, and someone gets the notion of filling it wi water and splashing it on people.

All of our discipline breaks down, and we progress t water balloons, dashing up and down the stairwells, an all other manner of riotous deeds.

Sooner or later we settle down, and it is time to sta thinking about going to bed, and whom we will go t bed with. For most of us, the question has already bee settled. For those who haven't decided, well, few thin are as amusing as the paring off of slightly tipsy dormie Almost as interesting are those who have troub deciding, "Should I, or shouldn't I?"

For a group as close as we are, it *really does* matter. Whatever happens in the morning won't matt because we are close and forgiving. Whatever happe tonight will matter only because it is a shared part learning to live.

Our community on the 12th floor is self-correcti out of necessity; we can't live with disagreements an dissonance easily. As a result, bad feelings are brough into the open and resolved thoroughly, though no always quickly. And after the problems are gone, we a closer than before, and easier to live with as a result.

Now, if only the guy with the 160 watt Kenwo would stop playing Kiss.



Denise dressed in his vampire best.



Spectators above the Strand (at top) watch the film-goers parade, which included Tom, Jeff and Syph (at right).



Photos by Jonathan Quand

Saturday night decadence at Seventh and Market

by Jeff Kaye

By 11:20 the pilgrimage is underway and they're lining up outside the Strand Theater at seedy Seventh and Market Streets.

Time once again for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

The pawn shops around the corner have metal bars across the windows to protect the guns and televisions inside. The tattoo parlor is still open and so is the Greyhound bus depot.

At the Jack-in-the-Box down the street, an old wino falls to the floor. Two jumbo jacks drag him out to the sidewalk.

The theater doesn't open until midnight, but lining up outside is as much a part of the ceremony as seeing the movie.

Syph is the first in line. He is wearing an orange, yellow and purple Afro wig and black lingerie. He carries a whip.

Syph has already seen the movie 40 times and is about to make it 41. He calls his obsession "a ritual of lust."

Denise and his friend Velveeta cruise up and down the line to make sure they've been seen. Both are wearing kimonos in honor of the Chinese New Year.

Denise has seen the movie 11 times; Velveeta, 14.

"It's a good place to get high," is the only explanation Denise can think of when asked why he keeps coming back.

This opinion seems prevalent. Drugs are blatantly sold and openly consumed along with plenty of alcohol..

Jim, from Palo Alto, says that on a stoner's scale of one to 10 he's definitely a nine-and-a-half.

Dressed in a yellow Nehru jacket with a gold medallion around his neck, he looks like a hard-core Herman's Hermits fan.

Jim giggles a lot. He's in his last year of medical school at Stanford.

John, who looks absurdly normal in jeans, knows why he keeps coming back.

"I want to learn all the songs so I can sing them at home," he says.

Just before the theater opens, a fight breaks out. Somebody's head is getting bashed because of a drug burn. A crowd quickly gathers, screaming words of encouragement.

Once the Strand's doors are open the fight is quickly forgotten and the race is on for choice seats. The theater is not particularly decadent, but that doesn't stop anyone from acting out their fantasies.

There is continuous laughter and shouts of "turn it up" during the vintage Walt Disney cartoon. The candy counter is still doing brisk business.

Suddenly "Twentieth Century Fox" appears on the screen and there is mass pandemonium.

A pair of red lips fills the screen and sings of science fiction double features.

The audience sings along without missing a phrase or note. When the credits are shown they cheer their favorites.

There are no heroes or villians in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. It doesn't have much of a plot either, but as the action unravels, the intense devotion of the audience is vocally displayed.

The Story:

Brad and Janet live in Denton, Ohio. They are cleaner than the Carpenters and they sing better (this film is a musical).

When Janet catches the bride's bouquet at a friend's wedding, Brad decides it's time to admit his great love for her. She loves him, too, and they sing a song of devotion to each other:

"The future is ours so let's plan it, Janet/So please don't tell me to can it, Janet."

"Now we're engaged and I'm so glad, Oh Brad!"

Filled with love they go for a ride in his car on a dark and stormy night. The car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. Wait. Brad remembers seeing a castle a little way back.

The audience not only sings along with the musical interludes, but directs the action as well.

When Brad steps out of the car, the crowd yells in unison, "Kick the hubcap!"

One second later he kicks the hubcap.

Audience noise usually detracts from a movie, yet for some reason it enhances *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

It wouldn't be fair to reveal the rest of the movie. Suffice to say that Brad and Janet make it to the castle where they meed Dr. Frank 'n' Furter, a "sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania" and a lot of other interesting people.

At 2 a.m. it is all over. The audience gives their all until the screen goes dark.

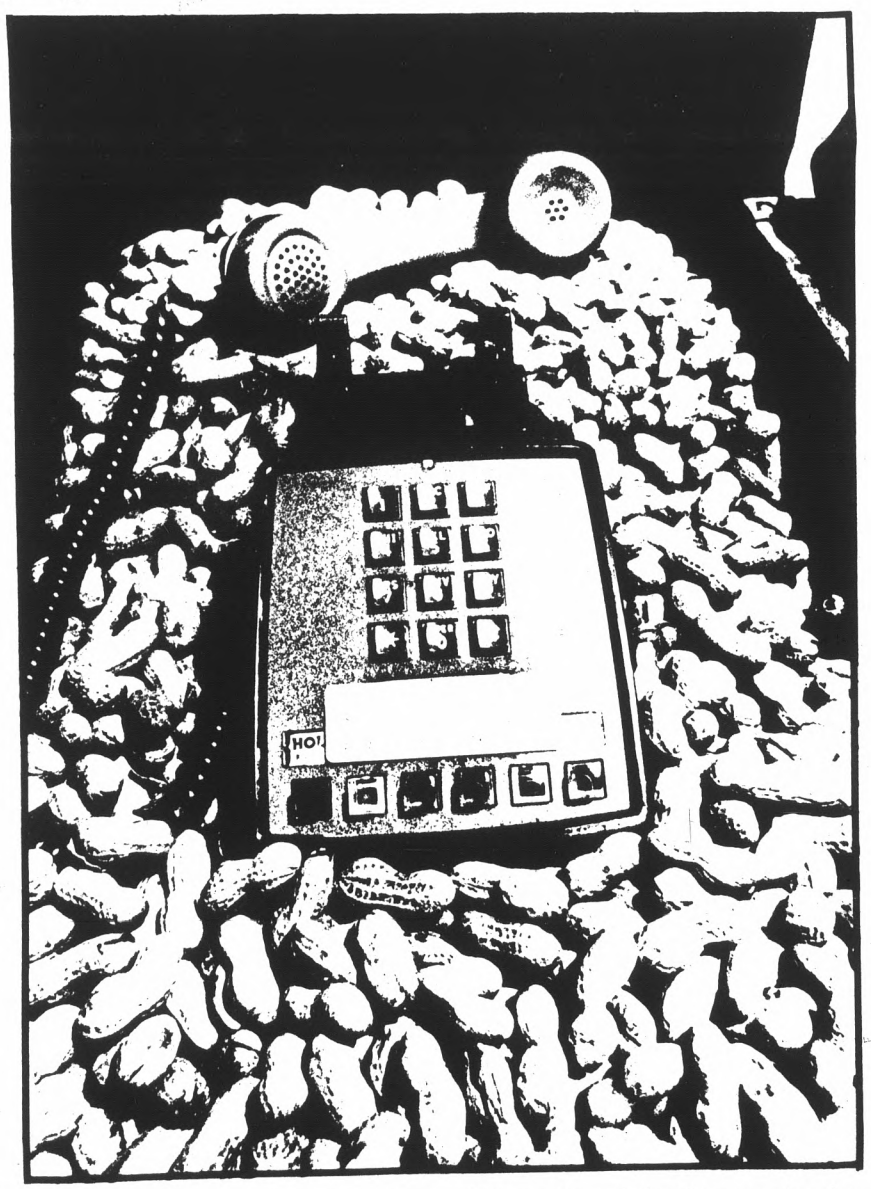
It is time to give Seventh and Market back to the derelicts and winos who will preserve the decadence until next week, when it all happens again.

Centerfold

PHOENIX
San Francisco State University
Thursday, February 23, 1978
Volume 6, Number 1

"Hello, you're on the nutline."

Text: Eric Newton
Photo: Gary Cameron



Every newspaper has one. It's an economic thing. Telephone operators can't answer office phones around the clock.

When 5 o'clock comes and the operators go, the *Oakland Tribune* is linked to its readership and the rest of the world by, in effect, one phone line.

The nut line.

Readers who search the phone book or newspaper find 645-2442. When they call, the call ends up in a green phone booth smack in the middle of the *Tribune* city room.

In days past, someone lifted the 2442 plug from one button and stuck down a note that said "nut line."

It's the smallest note in a room full of them. It means the most. It's one of the reasons newspaper people are so cynical. Everyone in editorial knows what it means when a copyperson yells, "Call for you on the nut line!"

The tone of the nut line bell is different. One can pick out the ring from among the fifty other city room phones.

I should know.

I'm the one who fields the calls. I'm a copyperson.

They go something like this:

RRRRRiiiiinnnnngggggg! Click.

"Newton, editorial."

"Is this the *Oakland Tribune*?"

"Yes."

"I had this strange experience you should know about. I had mental telepathy. It's a story. I was walking down the street when I heard the Lord calling and I went home where . . . "

Or, like this:

"Hey, I've got a $20 bet here. Hey, is there such a word as trisexual?"

Or:

"I just saw a UFO. What are you going to do about it? I got a picture of it, I think. My brother saw it too, but he's only four . . . "

An unnamed woman calls every few months to read poetry to the late-night copyperson. People call by the hundreds to complain that the print is too small or that they are missing a newspaper today.

One night I timed the rings. Four minutes between each call on a fairly busy night.

These are the people of the East Bay. They are calling to ask me something, or give me a hot news tip. Only they don't know me. They think I'm the *Oakland Tribune*.

Sometimes the questions are easy. Other times: "Who sang the song 'High Noon' in the movie?" Or, "I know there was a story about three months ago about a guy who I can't remember and here's what he did . . . "

A few callers fear disaster. One woman asks breathlessly: "Does the ring around the moon mean there will be an earthquake?"

Seriousness when answering such calls is mandatory. "No, but if there is an earthquake, then we'll know for next time . . . "

Certain callers, in their quest for knowledge, tell much about themselves.

"I just have to find out if I passed the bar exam," one female law student said. "I'd do anything to find out. Let's go out and have a beer and talk about it. I'd really do anything."

Other lawyers-to-be call up drunk or high. Some lose their tempers when turned down.

And lawyers are professionals?

"Will the ring around the moon cause an earthquake?"

The phone rings at 2 a.m. with questions like "how do you spell Fratianno? I'm writing a term paper."

But if the questions are strange, the news tips are unquestionably CRAZY.

"I just caught a poisonous spider. I saved my little brother. I want my picture in the paper."

"What kind of spider is it?"

"I don't know. But he sure looks poisonous."

One older woman called about a drug that was killing her. "My doctor gave it to my mother and she died. Now he's doing it to me, help me . . . "

She babbled for an hour. This was my first nut. I was virgin. She was a chocolate chip cookie. Finally, I asked,

"Will you write us a letter with the details?"

"I can't. My fingernails are too long."

Perhaps the hardest calls to fend off are those from well meaning citizens who have just discovered a master plan to ruin the middle-class in the pages of the *Tribune*.

My instructions are to tell the angry abusers of the phone lines to write a letter which can be printed or thrown away with much less verbal violence.

People seem to sense that their letters might be tossed aside. They know they have a grip on me and since, after all, I am the *Oakland Tribune*, whatever they tell me will seep into the paper through oral osmosis.

There are different ways to get rid of the nuts. Some reporters and copypeople just hang up. "I always get turned off when they don't say please," one copyperson-turned-sportswriter said.

I say very calmly, "Sir, this call is being recorded. Could I have your name and address?"

Of course, there isn't a tape recorder within yards. But nearly all the hate-spewers hang up immediately.

Power of the press.

It might seem interesting to field nut calls. But there is a heavy burden on the copypeople. They must remain calm and polite; the callers are often rude and loud.

There is always the thought that the mayor's secretary is on the line, or that this is the one call which will spark a big story.

Or:

"Something weird is going on at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital. I was a patient there and . . . "

Something magical happens. A bored, uninterested copyperson becomes alert, on his toes and takes notes faster than Woodward or Bernstein. He becomes a reporter for a few seconds. He becomes important.

But then it's back to the nuts.

Ask any high-echelon editor and he'll say, "Sure, we encourage reader feedback."

Editors want feedback, but they want it on paper. The kind that slips gently from their hand into one of the big gray cans which dot the city room.

The nut line is an extra job stuck on a copyperson's schedule. Many consider it to be more recreation than required work. One day, a copyperson turned the nut line bell off.

It took half a day for someone to notice.

Every day, I'm amazed at what the general public doesn't know about newspapers.

"Can I put this in the paper? I'll give you the press release over the phone."

Sorry. Press releases: one week in advance, in writing.

"I want to speak to the publisher . . . "

You might as well try Jimmy Carter.

"Listen, YOU PEOPLE DOWN THERE . . . "

If the Oakland populus could see what a hodgepodge of humanity worked in the city room of their newspaper, they'd never lump us all together.

About the only thing that the *Tribune* employees have in common is the color of their paychecks.

And the person who answers the phones is the smallest cog on the editorial wheel.

What the average complainer can accomplish through him can be summed up with one word: nothing.

Even when fifty people call to complain that Miss Black America's picture didn't make the front page or that the story about Piedmont Avenue crime is way off, we just keep a tally sheet for the executive editor.

This may be America, the free country, but anyone who calls 645-2442 is a nut until proven otherwise.

RRRRRRiiiiiiiiinnnnnnngggggggg.

Another call.

Dark secrets of Verducci Hall

BACKWORDS

by Chuck E. Burwell II

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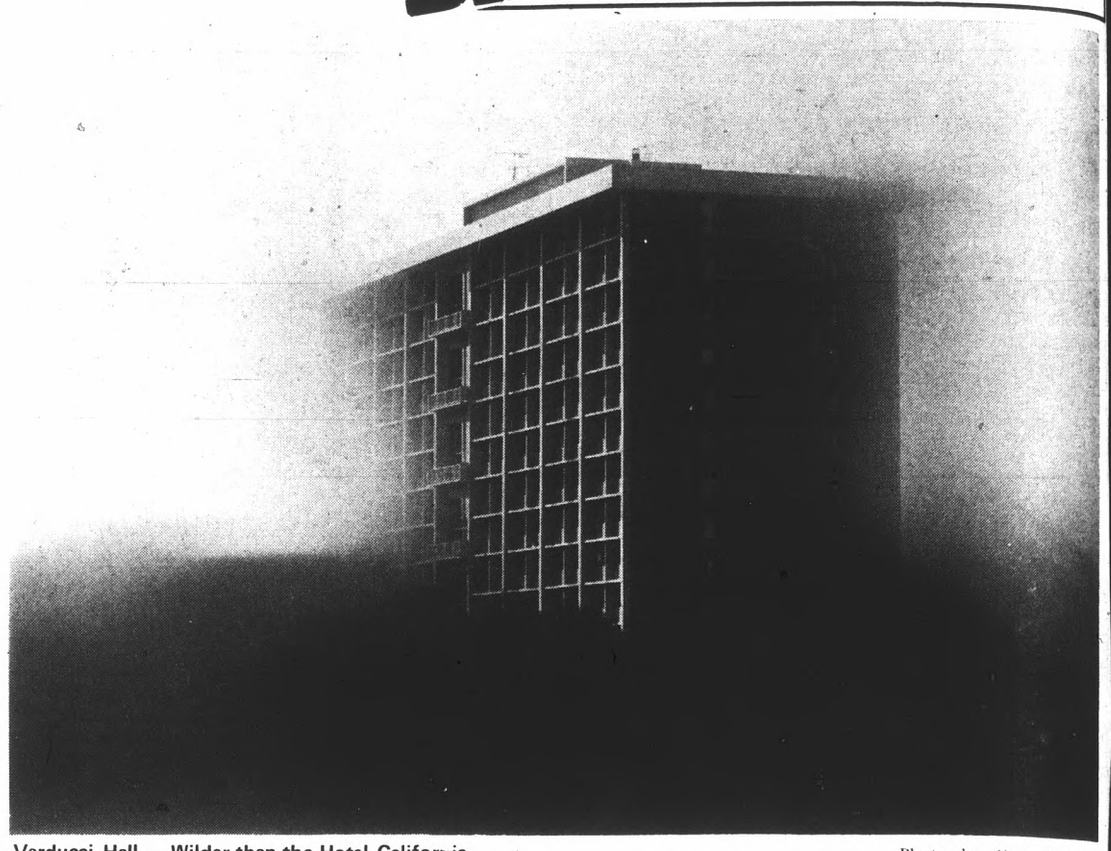
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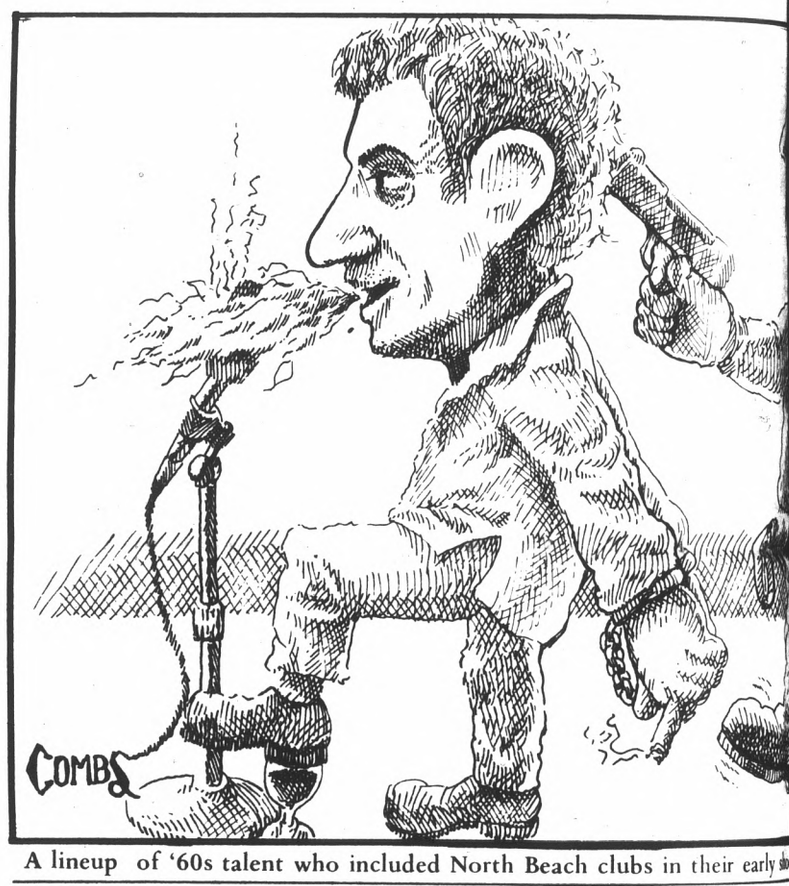
Verducci Hall — Wilder than the Hotel California. Photo by Gary Cameron

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The DC has its moments: when the hamburgers

Getting ready for the party is almost as energizing as going to the affair itself. A bottle of cream sherry makes its way down the hall and is soon replaced with some-

North Beach: from hootenannies to the skin trade



A lineup of '60s talent who included North Beach clubs in their early sh

Text: David Ruiz del Vizo Jr.
Photo: Hector Esparza

North Beach. It's a small chunk of San Francisco's northeast corner where life's various patterns exist side by side. On its main drag, Broadway, strip clubs and encounter parlors line the street along with a Chinese theater and a housing project.

The nights are brightened by phosphorescent neon. Rhinestone-studded barkers stand outside the clubs, waiting to drag another sucker in.

A Japanese sailor walks by leisurely as a barker desperately shouts into his ear. "Come on in and take a look. If you don't like what you see, you don't have to stay."

The sailor just walks on.

At dusk, a cluster of old black men collect on Columbus Avenue, near Broadway, and pass a wine bottle around.

The sidewalk in front of the Condor Club is part of the night turf for clumps of hangers-on, encased in worn-slick leather jackets and platform boots.

Tourists inch by with $300 Yashicas hanging from their shoulders, past the chanting barkers.

Since Prohibition the North Beach scene has been characterized by cycles that seem to run every 10 to 15 years.

In the 20s and 30s, Broadway was speakeasy row. Hawaiian nightclubs sprang up in the 40s. In the 50s and early-60s, North Beach was the cradle of Bohemia on the West Coast. Topless came to North Beach (and only North Beach) in the mid-60s. Encounter parlors popped up a few years later and have remained there ever since.

While sexual extravaganzas are a major attraction, disco crowds also flock on weekends to the Broadway Power and Light, on a street once an oasis for placid beats with its jazz clubs, folk clubs, and coffeehouses.

Columbus Avenue has been transformed to make way for new, bigger, profit-raking restaurants and discos, but at a much slower pace than Broadway.

For years, North Beach was home for many Italian immigrants and their offspring. Though many Italians have left North Beach, it's still possible to hear Louis Prima cry out stanzas of "O Sole Mio" from a jukebox in one of the few Italian bars that remain. The change in North Beach's ethnic flavor is apparent as a Chinese fish market replaces an Italian delicatessen, and a Chinese restaurant takes over an Italian bakery.

As a haven for writers, poets, musicians, and artists in the 50s, North Beach was the spawning ground for performers such as Johnny Mathis, Harry Belafonte and the Smothers Brothers. Cultural heroes such as jazz writer Ralph J. Gleason, poet Allen Ginsberg, and the immortal Lenny Bruce rose out of North Beach, too.

City Lights Bookstore, Discovery Books, and the Trieste Cafe are the three most visible remnants of the beat era, standing to remind us that what America and the rest of San Francisco could not handle, North Beach welcomed.

Less prominent is the Purple Onion club on Columbus Avenue. Once a launching pad for some top entertainers of the 60s, such as Phyllis Diller, Jim Nabors, and the Smothers Brothers, the Purple Onion lives on in obscurity among the topless joints.

The Purple Onion celebrated its 25th anniversary in January without any horns or confetti. It prides itself as one of the few clubs in North Beach that hasn't gone topless – and the small clientele for each show reflects that.

Club owner Bud Steinhoff and his wife Virginia arrive early on Saturday evenings, before the club opens at 7 p.m. Bud, an unsmiling gray-haired man, appears somewhat bored with the routine of running a club robbed of the zest it once had. He wipes a few cocktail glasses with a white cloth and reminisces of the Purple Onion's heyday in the 50s.

Many folksingers and comedians started here," he says. "The biggest group we had then was the Irish Rovers from Ireland. I even signed their papers to bring them to this country."

Virginia sits alone at the bar with a drink, playing solitaire, remembering North Beach with a sigh. "There were many small clubs around like the Gay 90's, Ann's 440, Jazz Workshop, and the Hungry i. Just ourselves and Finnochio's (on Broadway) are the only ones left."

The Purple Onion launched the career of a former SF State student named Ronnie Schell, who later appeared on several TV shows in the 60s, including "Gomer Pyle USMC" with Jim Nabors.

Schell is currently appearing in the television series "Fernwood Tonight."

Tom and Dick Smothers entertained Purple Onion audiences as a collegiate-like duo doing comic routines years before they went to war against Nixon and CBS. At the beginning of their career, they cut an album at the Purple Onion.

Randy Sparks played guitar there before he formed the New Christy Minstrels. Comedian Lou Gottlieb performed at the Onion before organizing the Limelighters at the Hungry i across the street.

Financially, the Onion stays afloat through the tourists who are the club's clientele. Steinhoff contracts with the tour companies that bring visitors by the busload to watch shows. Without this arrangement, the Onion would have disappeared long ago.

When its counterpart, the Hungry i, closed its doors in 1969, the Purple Onion became the only surviving folk club from the 50s.

North Beach entrepreneur Enrico Banducci recalls folk music's popularity.

"The Hungry i and the Purple Onion were the only folk clubs around in the 50s," he said. "The folk scene sort of revived here. It wasn't doing too well all over the country. Folksingers were doing songs with political and social connotations before there were any civil rights marches. There were still lynchings in the South."

Like the Onion, the Hungry i gave many entertainers a start in their careers, including folksingers such as the Limelighters and Bud and Travis.

One of the top folk groups of the early 60s was the Kingston Trio. Though it started at the Purple Onion, the Trio got its main

"Lenny Bruce's big fear was of being incarcerated."



Denise dressed in his vampire best.

Saturday ni

by Jeff Kaye

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CENTERFOLD-PAGE TWO



itinerary-- **Lenny Bruce, Phyllis Diller and the Smothers Brothers.**

thrust at the Hungry i, where some of its albums were recorded.

Banducci, who owned and managed the Hungry i from 1950 until it closed 25 years later, is a stocky, jolly man; a cross between a New York cab driver and an aristocrat. His dress is simple – a tomato-red sweater and a turtleneck underneath. His black beret is his trademark.

A fast-talker, he boasts frequently about performers he helped get started. Among North Beach club owners and long time residents, he is a legend.

When Banducci first purchased the club from Eric Norden, he put comic Mort Sahl on stage as his first performer.

"The Hungry i was open six months before I bought it," says Banducci. "Eric Norden would come to my restaurant once in a while. He knew some of the people there who were interested in the place. Then he decided to go to Guatemala so he sold it to me. I borrowed $800 to pay him and the creditors off.

"Originally, the Hungry i was a gathering place for artists who would congregate to discuss art and theater after coming from a show," says Banducci.

"It was sort of an existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre atmosphere with dark walls and concrete with very basic decor," he says.

"We had no shows then," he says. "People would just come and talk rather than listen. I put a piano in there and sometimes someone would sing."

The original Hungry i was located in a cellar at 149 Columbus Ave. – a building Francis Ford Coppola now owns.

In 1954 Banducci moved the Hungry i to the basement of the International Hotel, where the club garnered its fame as a hub of the West Coast folk scene. The club moved again to Ghirardelli Square in 1969.

Banducci recalls that the patrons at the time were "very collegiate and very young. Geographically, we were well located for people from Stanford, USF, and Berkeley, who came on weekend nights. Mort Sahl had a great draw on that crowd. Finally, the crowds started getting older – the so-called middle-aged crowd.

"Johnny Mathis, another former SF State student, had his first engagement at the Hungry i. I gave him a contract when he first sang at the i while still going to Washington High. He kept bugging me about working there as a solo but I would never hire him. I finally gave him a job with this contract. The funny thing was, after two weeks, I released him. I said 'You'll never make it, kid.' "

Banducci is near tears speaking of one of his major discoveries, Lenny Bruce: "Lenny Bruce first came to hear Mort Sahl when he was doing burlesque with his mother in San Diego. He wanted to be like Mort.

"I went down to San Diego where he put on a show for me aside from his regular burlesque routine. I hired him there and put him on at the i.

"He was a great writer and poet – not many people knew about that. When we lost Lenny, we lost quite a bit. Today he would never have the troubles he had.

"His big fear – and a lot of people didn't know this either – was being incarcerated. He feared going to jail and yet when he was on stage he didn't care."

As Banducci speaks of Bruce, he gestures with his hands rapidly. "Lenny said to me a week before he died, 'Well, baby, the only way to go is with a big jolt and get out of this.' And I told him 'Come on, Lenny, you don't want to do that. You're not going to jail.' He said 'Oh that Los Angeles bunch. They're weirdos. They want to put me away. Up here things are more liberal.' "

At the height of his career, Lenny demonstrated that even San Francisco was not liberal enough for his four-letter word routines. He was busted in 1961 at the Jazz Workshop on Broadway after his infamous gag, "A Pretty Bizarre Show" in which he used the word "cocksucker."

He died of a drug overdose in 1966.

"I used to ask Lenny, 'Why all the four-letter words?' " Banducci recalls, "Lenny would tell me, 'I just want to show the hypocrisy. I am not taking a club and hitting people over the head. People are uptight about words. They're hypocrites.' "

Banducci says that at the time Lenny was gaining fame North Beach was much quieter than it is now.

"It was absent of sex," Banducci says. "But there was always quite a bit going on with the poets and artists around in a three-block area. The street would die at 2 a.m."

Banducci attributes the emergence of Bill Graham's Fillmore rock concerts and the drug scene to the closing of the Hungry i. He says, "The drug scene was coming on very strong and the i wasn't conducive to that."

He continues: "By then, folk music was also losing its punch. Young people were looking for something else. I introduced a rock group, the Lovin' Spoonful, at the Hungry i where they didn't do too well. They were a success when Bill Graham put them on at the Fillmore."

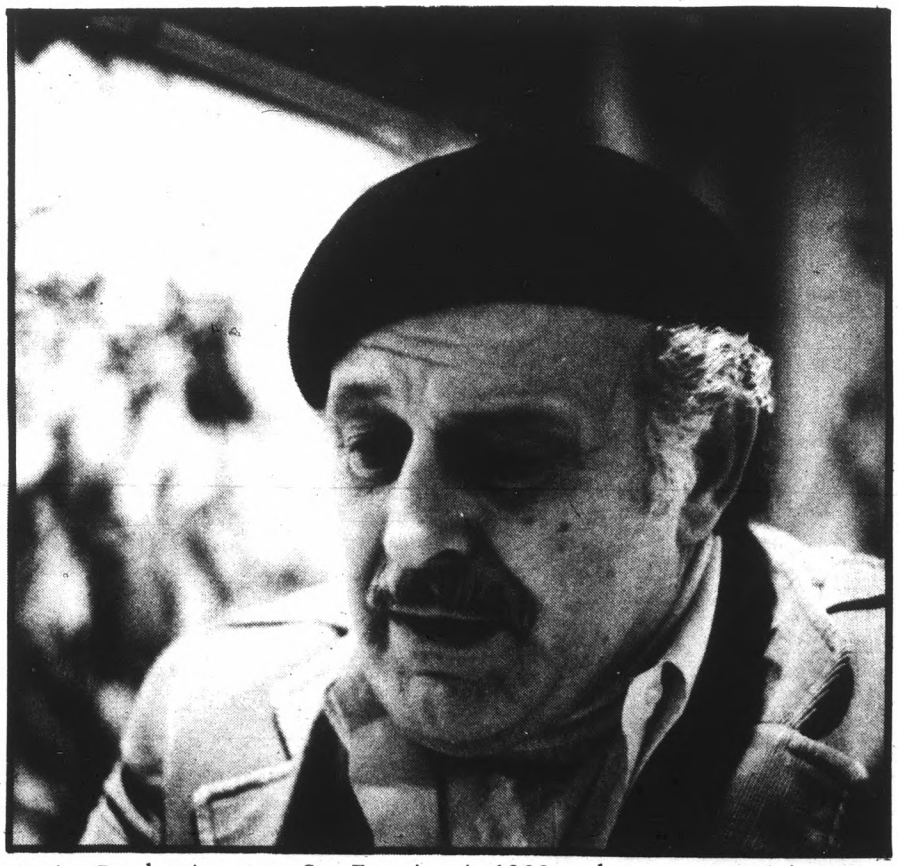
Banducci speaks of today's North Beach somewhat disdainfully. "As long as there are aesthetics and artistic presentations, the human body is a beautiful form. I see nothing wrong with it. But all those barkers want to do is to get $8 from each person and show them some nude bodies."

Broadway and North Beach are San Francisco's version of Coney Island. Amusements appear on the scene to draw peak crowds, fading as other attractions emerge. Strange new faces were seen on the street. Slowly the old clubs locked their doors and turned off their lights. A more strident beat was heard a few doors away, sounding the death note for the small jazz cafes and coffee rooms.

Stand-up comedy and song gave way to less cerebral entertainment which elbowed its way onto Broadway in the 60s.

What Lenny Bruce hinted at, the new Broadway reveled in, in neon and 4-D. While Bruce waited in clockless jail time, North Beach made Carol Doda a commonplace name.

Broadway's current attractions are in full swing, but the cycle of popular trends could change the face of North Beach again.



Enrico Banducci came to San Francisco in 1922, and now, at age 56, is a cornerstone of the North Beach scene.

CENTERFOLD-PAGE THREE

Dark secrets of Verducci Hall

BACKWORDS

by Chuck E. Burwell II

Like driving the streets of San Francisco, living in the dorms at SF State is an art that very few people are qualified to practice with elan.

Verducci Hall, on the west side of campus, is an unconventional dorm. To non-residents, it is little more than a yellow, gray and white monolith rising from the tennis courts. From it streams an unending torrent of crosswalking people, paper airplanes, and bouncing, jouncing joggers.

It seems that the even-numbered floors in Verducci draw more party-goers, or perhaps its just that congenial dormies gravitate to them. Of all the even-numbered floors, the 12th is a shining example of dormitory adaptation.

Twelfth-floor residents quickly learn how to prevent doors from locking by stuffing locks with of wads of tissue; how to hook up four telephones into an existing single line, and how to make paper airplanes which fly directly to the window on the floor below, carrying messages tucked inside their wings.

Residents also learn to make the best of a group living situation abhorrent to many people and leaves little time for privacy.

Saturday morning: The day begins with the clanking of garbage trucks far below the 12th floor. Unless the



Photo by Hector Esp.

Frisbee champ John Kimball practices in dorm hall.

dormies are thoroughly hung over, garbage trucks v always wake residents with their windows open.

After the trucks rumble away, another sound dr up. The endless poink-poink-poink of tennis balls amplified by the bowl-shaped backboard pit and ech against the concrete sides of the dorm.

Signs on the backboard ask players not to use courts before 10 am; when early players appear, w balloons are heaved out the window.

Depending on who gets up first, the next sound either be John Anderson on my right warbling "L Distance Runaround" on a stereo or Steve Walsh Kerry Livgren on my left screeching "Question of Childhood."

The two men in the room on the right share the sa bathroom as myself and my roommate. This is suppo

to make up for the smaller size of our rooms, as compared to the somewhat larger double rooms in Merced or Mary Ward halls. In a way, it does.

A stranger in the hall, walking into our bathroom, would think he had been transported Spock-like to the kitchens of the International House of Pancakes. Making meals in the dorms is forbidden, but our giant-size griddle can handle a couple of omelettes, with a row of sausages alongside.

We also have a small refrigerator, which is allowed, but the bathroom next to ours has a full-size refrigerator, which is not allowed. The refrigerator takes up all available space in the bathroom, which is why ours is so busy.

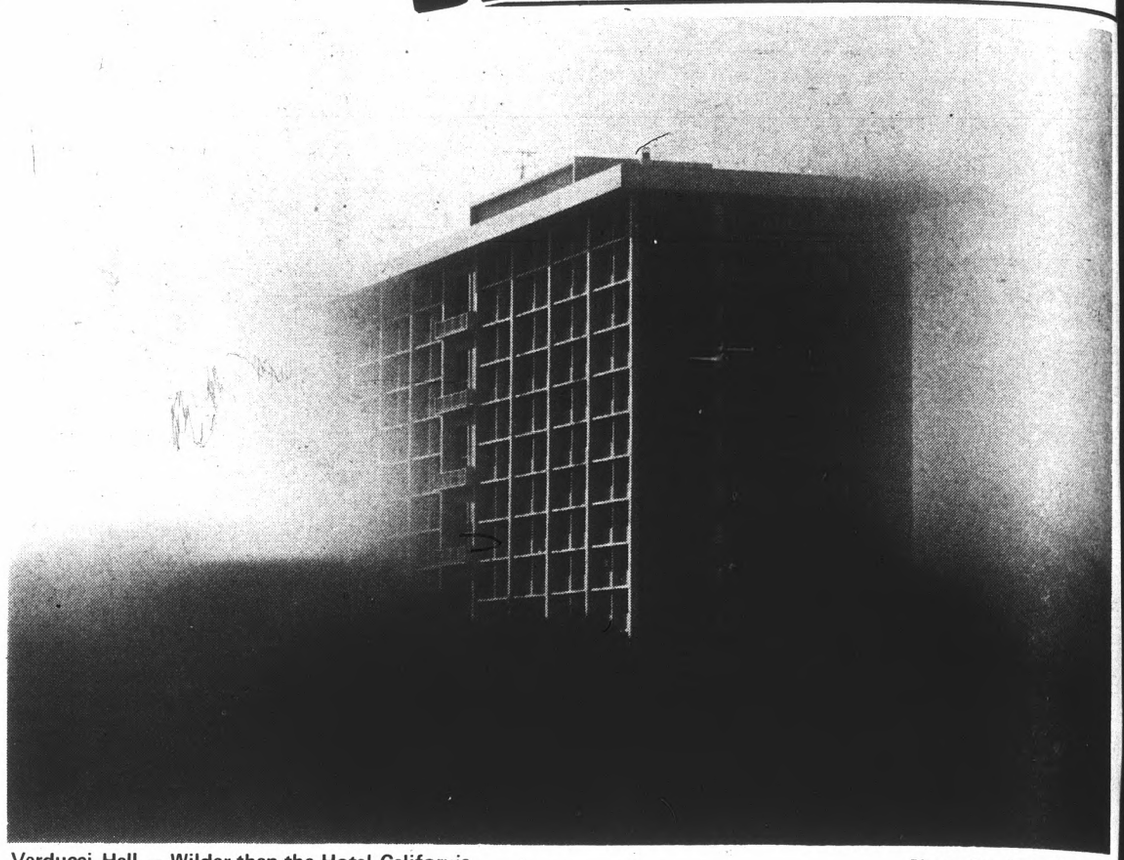
There is an unfrequented kitchen on Verducci's third floor. The only thing the kitchen has that we don't is a stainless steel sink. Microwave ovens, coffeemakers of every conceivable design, blenders, toaster ovens, one-, two- and four-pan hot plates, burger cookers, yogurt makers, food processors . . . it is doubtful that any cookware department is better equipped than the 12th floors' bathrooms.

After breakfast a little exercise is in order. Time to throw a little Frizz. One favorite trick is to try and tag hallmates as they dash from their room into the bathroom. The large lounge also offers an opportunity for playing, and a racquetball game starts up there.

Among the 40 or so of us that are good friends, we have all it takes to carry along a carefree existence in our 12th floor penthouse. We possess everything, and if one of us does not have what is needed, then several of us collectively do.

There is even a newspaper on the floor, the *Twelfth Floor Enquirer*. In some way it touches and occasionally mangles each person's life on the floor. All in fun, of course.

Want a drink? The "Swamp," a bar on the 14th floor, disappeared some time ago, but there are still rooms where one can stop by for an abbreviated happy hour.



Verducci Hall — Wilder than the Hotel California. Photo by Gary Cameron

eat it, and that the whole kitchen's labors should be donated to the Black Flag company.

The DC has its moments: when the hamburgers

Getting ready for the party is almost as energizing as going to the affair itself. A bottle of cream sherry makes its way down the hall and is soon replaced with some-



Denise dressed in his vampire best.

Saturday n

by Jeff Kaye

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Nursing a healthy attitude

Text: Marysue Smith
Photos: David Goldstein

The physician is the artisan of health in traditional medicine. He defines the sickness and prescribes the treatment.

But his assistants are usually just that — adjuncts. Serving as extra senses and limbs for the doctor, they rarely proffer advice of their own. Their roles are an extension of his. Often their function is to ferret out mundane details and plow through paperwork.

Some of these assistants are anxious for recognition as professionals in their own right. Searching for more autonomous positions, they shy away from the strict hierarchy of hospitals.

Alternative health care, a step outside the mainstream practice of medicine, is attracting a sprinkling of these paraprofessionals. The community-oriented approach plays down professional status and emphasizes meaningful contact with patients.

One advocate of medicine on a small scale is Michele Moloney, who supports herself without whittling her ideals down to suit her work.

As the medical director of the Feminist Women's Health Center in west Oakland, the 24-year-old has established what she describes as an alternative approach to women's health care.

As a nurse practitioner, she refuses to work in hospitals and traditional medical clinics. Hospitals are huge bureaucracies that don't take easily to change, she says.

"Doctors are the king of the hill in hospitals," Moloney says as she leans back in a chair, her Earth Shoes on the desk. The emphasis in traditional medicine, she claims, is on "lots of drugs. You're dealing mostly with sick people, instead of stressing preventative care.

"You have no time to talk to people to find out what's wrong with them. And doctors often base their decisions on purely physiological factors, not considering the whole patient," she says.

Moloney thought of being a doctor but decided against it. "I think I can make a greater impact. People are much more trusting of me because I'm a nurse."

As a practitioner, she has more training and experience in diagnosis and treatment than a registered nurse.

She doesn't wear a white coat as part of her medical role. Neither do the two part-time physicians who help out at the center. "I try to stay away from that aura of professionalism," she says.

An unruffled voice and steady gaze belie her age, but her casual language suggests youth. She's mastered the art of studying people without offending them. Lighting



another cigarette, she adjusts a pair of large tortoiseshell glasses.

Her interest in medicine came after two years of college, where she discarded the idea of becoming a writer. After a year at an English university, she "took a year off and totally bummed around. Then I decided that was not the way to go and went back to Boston College.

"I became really disillusioned and decided I was not good at writing. What I was good at was working in a close relationship with other people. So I decided I would be a nurse," she says.

Moloney studied for a bachelor's degree and a nurse practitioner's license at the same time. She supported herself through school by working as a nurse's aid in several east coast hospitals.

She didn't like what she saw.

"I knew right away that I didn't want to be a hospital nurse. Nurses are put in an oppressive role," Moloney says. "They devote their life to everyone else and don't think of themselves.

"The number of nurses who leave the profession is outrageous. But some are very satisfied with the work.

"In a lot of situations, nurses know a hell of a lot more than doctors. The stories in hospitals are rampant about that," she says.

One doctor prescribed a specially-cooked diet for a diabetic who didn't have an oven. Another diabetic with ulcers on his feet was sent back to work the next day. The doctor didn't know that the man worked on his feet in a post office all day, Moloney claims.

Moving to San Francisco in 1974, she began the final part of her practitioner program at the UC Med Center in the city. As part of the program, she worked for six months at the Feminist Women's Health Center.

The center was started in 1971 by Laura Brown, who was active in the pro-abortion movement in the early 70s in southern California.

Moloney says that the concept of an alternative to existing women's health care resulted from the pro-abortion movement, at a time when the operation was still illegal.

"A lot of women were doing abortions and realizing that it was no big shakes. If you knew what to do, you could carry out as good a procedure as anyone," she says.

Abortion can be performed legally now, but only by a physician.

The center's philosophy is that a woman can take care of herself — from pelvic exams to treating simple infections — without extensive medical training, says Moloney. Traditional health care emphasizes unnecessary medication and is too indifferent to patients, she adds.

She is more involved with alternative health care than in the women's movement. "But thy two can coexist. It's evident that health care in America is changing. It's got to get out of hospitals and into community health centers. There you can focus on preventative medicine."

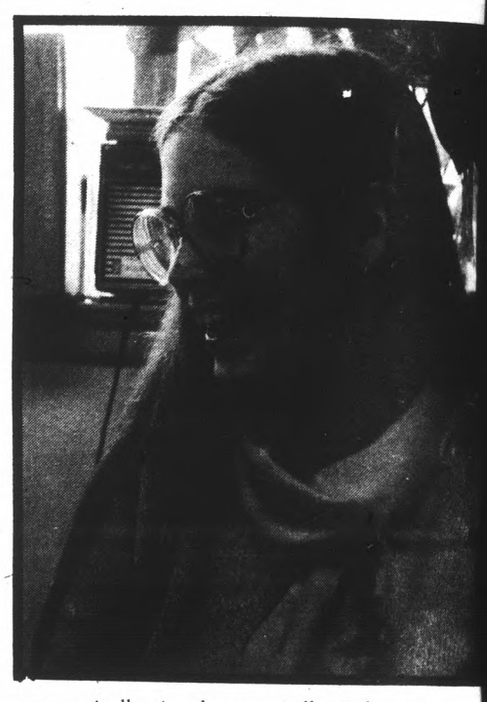
Moloney began working at the center as assistant to the former medical director, who had no medical background.

When the director left two years ago, Moloney assumed the role of coordinating the center. She is the only professional working full-time.

From a cluttered desk upstairs, she does endless paperwork and reviews current medical literature.

Downstairs, she oversees doctors and makes sure that the weekly abortion and gynecological clinics run smoothly. Alert to the attitude of the staff towards patients, Moloney is perpared to fire any physician with a callous manner.

The clientele draws from two types of women, she says. Younger women who take a consumeristic approach to health care, are attracted to the center's emphasis on self-help. "They know we are not going to



automatically give them penicillin," she says.

The center also treats poorer black women from O land.

This January, the center saw 311 patients.

In taking on responsibility for the clinic, Molo keeps a close eye on funding. A state grant keeps clinic in operation. The state pays one-third of t yearly budget. Federal money provides the other t thirds.

Her own salary comes from this allowment. Molo makes $800 a month, and is the highest paid staffer. T five other women working there earn between $400 a $500 a month.

"Everyone here could be making much more el where," she says.

Although the doctors she works with respe her decisions, Moloney often runs into oth physicians who are not so confident.

Some refuse to talk to her on the phone a repeatedly ask for the doctor in charge of the center.

"The doctors we get along with best are those with healthy disrespect for the medical profession," she say "The medical profession seems to look down on th type of a setup."

She prescribes medicine under circumstanc approved beforehand by one of the backup physicia

"It's a trusting relationship. He's not leaning over m back all the time," she says.

As a practitioner, she has more training than a regi tered nurse and is able to diagnose symptoms and trea patients.

Moloney refused to freely prescribe estrogen an progesterone hormones to women, a practice she says common in traditional medicine. Not enough is know about the long-term side effects, she says, of hormon the American Cancer Society has suggested are asso ated with breast cancer.

Instead, the clinic emphasizes home remedies, nut tion, and knowledge of the effects of a medicati "This is the complete antithesis of what happens i hospital," she says.

Moloney was born in the U.S. and moved at age n with her family to Beirut, Lebanon. Her family l before the 1965 war, but she "remembers a lot. I s think of it as my home."

The war was as galvanizing as if her hometown h been destroyed. "I still have a hard time dealing with it she says.

Of her weighty role at the center, she says that at fi she did everything herself. "The responsibility did wei too much. I'm in a fairly unusual situation for my ag having this position. But I don't feel I'm any differe from any other woman."

Away from the medical environment, she immers herself in subjects she knows nothing about — such the Chinese revolution — and researches them. "I a paint and draw, things like that," she says.

In the future, women will receive better treatment the medical system, which will become more commu ty-oriented, she says.

There is one difference between the Oakland cen and its traditional counterparts, she says. "No one has do something they hate. What's the point?"

CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR